THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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JULY 1933

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

JULY, 1933

The Old-World Economic Conference

THE opening speeches at the World Economic Conference betray not the slightest realization of the fact that we stand at the beginning of a new economic era, and that the task of the Conference is to adapt the world's machinery to new conditions. Instead, all discussions turn on the steps to be taken to recreate conditions in which pre-war dogmas can once again become valid. For this reason the Conference, whether it achieves the appearances of success or of failure, will remain irrelevant to the world's progress or decline. The freeing of international trade from arbitrary restrictions is, of course, desirable, but this carries us no further than Mr. Keynes in the domestic sphere when he tells us that productive expenditure is desirable. What expenditure is productive when the restrictions on trade are "arbitrary"?

The Old System and the New

THE system under which last century's immense expansion of wealth occurred was appropriate to exceptional circumstances which can never recur. The system of debtor and creditor countries, the latter lending the amount of their favourable trade balance to the former, was a system which postulated the existence of countries in widely different stages of economic and political development. It postulated a group of highly organized manufacturing countries on the one hand, and a group of undeveloped countries on the other. The latter supplied raw materials to the former, and absorbed their manufactures to a far greater extent—the difference in value between the goods exchanged was liquidated partly by financial and transport services, of which a few countries had the monopoly, and mainly by loans for

capital development. In this way the railways and factories of South America, Asia, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada were built and equipped, Africa was opened up, the French Colonial Empire was founded, Japan was industrialized, and the eighteenth passed into the twentieth century. In the process vast vested interests were created in the creditor countries—the rentiers, the financiers, and the shipping interests. These groups owned, and still own, vast amounts of capital overseas and naturally use all their influence in favour of a return to free trade conditions, which they claim to be essential to prosperity.

What killed Free Trade

IT seems so simple and so wise until we realize two things. Firstly, while the flow of trade in the last century was maintained by the constant exchange of raw materials and manufactures, the capital investments of the creditor countries were devoted to industrializing their debtors. Secondly, science has multiplied the productivity of agricultural land fourfold, while at the same time it has reduced by more than two-thirds the labour required to work the land. The result of these twin facts is evident. On the one hand, the great food-producing areas can produce more than enough food for the world's supply with the labour of a smaller proportion of their population; on the other hand, the balance of their population is engaged in industries equipped during the last century by the very countries who now plead for lower tariffs to enable them to sell them their manufactures.

Politics and Trade

SO much for the *a.b.c.* of the economic factors involved. The political factors are equally important. In the last century capital was required by the debtor countries because they were economically undeveloped; it was lent by the creditor countries because the debtor countries were not only economically undeveloped (which meant that the loans would be remunerative) but politically

undeveloped, which meant (paradoxically enough at the first glance) that the loans would be secure. Why so? Because there was in the last century no political equality of status between the undeveloped countries and ourselves. Within the Empire we exercised direct governmental control; outside the Empire, our army and our fleet collected our debts. Those days are past. Even when backward countries still exist for development by European or North American capitalists, political conditions make such loans radically insecure. No one is going to lend money abroad to-day without the guarantee of the home government. No currency stabilization agreement can alter this; currency stabilization will be the outcome of stable political and economic conditions and cannot effectually precede the establishment of these conditions.

The Real Condition of Recovery

THE real condition of recovery is, first and foremost, the recognition by all nations that international trade in the old sense of the term has gone for ever. Trade can only rest on the secure foundation of the exchange of goods and services with which the parties to the exchange cannot supply themselves efficiently. More and more, and quite inevitably, it will be restricted to the exchange of raw materials against raw materials, and the countries which have no exportable surplus of raw materials which the rest of the world needs will have to live increasingly, and in the end absolutely, on their own resources. Of course, countries like England and France will continue to perform services or supply manufactured goods which are superior in quality to those of other nations by reason of their superior morality, intelligence, skill or natural resources. It will be apparent, however, that this superiority, so marked in Western Europe during the last century, and, above all, so marked in the case of this country, must inevitably be a diminishing asset, except in the case of such "local" products as French wine, Welsh steam coal and Scottish whisky.

England Still Hesitates

IT must be admitted at once that the problems created by the collapse of the old system of international trade are especially grave for this country. We are not self-supporting in the matter of food and our agriculture has been deliberately sacrificed for three generations to our manufactures. Our investments abroad are vast; we have built up a unique organization for financing international trade, and we have been in the past the main carriers of such trade. Above all, the City of London has profited for generations from the floating of those foreign loans which have been the principal means of adjusting the international trade balances. It is inevitable in these circumstances that the pressure on the Government to return as far as possible to the old system, to safeguard our overseas investments and to restore our shipping by encouraging the importation of foreign manufactures (in which form alone the interest on our foreign investments can be paid) should be severe in any case. It is heightened by the realization that a return, even partially, to a free trade economy, means a final refusal to inflate, a renewed insistence on forcing down production costs and, consequently, a consolidation of the benefits derived by the money interests from the era of deflation. Simultaneously, labour is half-hearted about the restoration of agriculture because it sees the danger of " dear food."

The Choice before us

IN the face of these powerful interests, whose sponsors in the Government are certainly Mr. Runciman, Sir John Simon and the Prime Minister, and probably Mr. Baldwin also, it is by no means certain that the cause of labour, agriculture and industry will prevail. The needs of all those alike require a firm adherence to the tariff policy, a deliberate policy of controlled inflation, and a firm refusal to embark once more at the behest of the City and the bankers on the policy of low wages, cheap imports, and overseas loans. The decision between this policy and that advocated by Mr. Runciman

and his friends is for this country the major issue at the Conference. A compromise policy is useless and will certainly fail. A return even to modified free trade means economic disaster for the country. The severe reductions in wages, the increase in unemployment, the final ruin of our agriculture which such a policy would entail, will lead directly to a social upheaval. Yet these things will be inevitable unless we face the facts and proceed to those measures of monetary reform, agricultural reconstruction and effective protection without which we cannot begin the task of developing our resources.

The Case for Higher Prices

NOTHING is more pitiable than the spectacle of British politicians crying out, on the one hand, that the price level must be raised, and, on the other hand, that tariffs must be lowered. A higher level of internal prices is essential to the restoration of industry and agriculture and impossible without high tariffs. Similarly, we cannot pursue simultaneously our bankers' policy of lending abroad and a conservative policy of developing the home market. The issue is clear cut. We have to choose quite definitely between the one policy and the other. The choice has in fact been made for us but we must stop paying lip service to international trade as the supreme end of politics. So far from this being the case, the policy of attempting to enable our foreign creditors to pay us in manufactured goods while keeping our own unemployed quiet by doles is not merely immoral but politically impracticable. The alternative policy of lending our creditors money to enable them to pay interest on the earlier loans is foolish to the point of madness.

The Solution of the Riddle

THE key to the riddle is to be found in Professor Gustav Cassel's article in this number. To enable nations to adjust themselves to conditions radically different to those of the pre-war period, an agreement must be reached for a very substantial measure of world-wide inflation which will raise prices throughout the world

to a point where the world's burden of capital indebtedness will be effectively removed. Until this has been done, no measure of currency stabilization will be effective. When it has been done, currency stabilization becomes the necessary second step—not towards lowering tariffs, but towards maintaining them and keeping them effective while each nation puts its own house in order and concludes such trade agreements with its neighbours, its political associates, and its essential suppliers as the circumstances indicate.

Why Lower Tariffs?

IT is not yet generally understood how the progress of mass production has made effective tariffs, rather than lower tariffs, a necessary condition of world recovery. Before the days of mass production, goods were only cheaper in one country than another because of natural conditions, and the world's wealth was increased by taking the maximum advantage of those natural conditions. To-day, conditions have been equalized in nine industries out of ten, and relative prices are determined not by natural advantages but by the manufacturers' estimate of their chances of "capturing markets." The result is over-production and economic loss on a large scale. Whether this country is immediately the gainer or the loser is immaterial. The system is unsound because man is a political animal not an economic entity. A nation may plan to flood the world with Czecho-Slovakian boots or Swedish matches or Japanese textiles, but the losses consequent on the progress of this policy are such that the world quickly realizes that the immediate gain to the consumer is outweighed by the loss to the community from unemployment, political unrest, international bitterness and the general feeling of insecurity which paralyses initiative. Man as an economic entity may sell his soul to get boots threepence a pair cheaper. Man as a political animal prefers dearer boots and regular work and wages. As for the contrary view—*credat Judæus Apella!* He will find himself increasingly alone in his belief, which is one of the causes of his troubles to-day.

The Growth of Anti-Semitism

THE world has been rightly shocked by the revival of the persecution of the Jews. Unfortunately, it takes more calmly the far more widespread and infinitely more atrocious persecution of the Christians in Russia and Mexico, and in Spain during the last fifteen years. Is this a tribute to the greater stoicism of the Christians or the greater zeal of the Jewish community on behalf of their oppressed co-religionists? Neither statement would be false. The Christians are more stoical and the Jews more zealous. When Christians are massacred, God blasphemed, morality set aside, the teaching of Christianity proscribed, churches burnt, nuns assaulted in the street, Christian opinion persecuted, Christian property stolen, Christians in other parts realize it as a phase in a warfare which will continue to the end. But this does not for a moment excuse the world's indifference, and included in the world is the Jewish community, which resents so passionately its own persecution.

Is there a Jewish Problem?

THIS explains to some extent why the German anti-Jewish campaign, which has perhaps irreparably damaged the prestige of the new *régime* in this country, has evoked so little real sympathy with the Jews themselves. There is a feeling that the Jews are at heart opposed to the European world order and in sympathy with the attacks on that order which have been so insistent during the last fifteen years. The readiness with which certain Jews have shed their German nationality has also excited unfavourable comment. The French Huguenots afford a parallel, but they did not renounce their nationality by telegram, but in small numbers after two generations of civil war. Also, internationalism was not associated in the seventeenth century with a challenge to Christian society but rather with the traditions of the Middle Ages. The main blame for the world indifference lies, however, not with the Jews themselves but with the Gentile intelligentsia which has preached and popularized the doctrine of non-intervention and self-deter-

mination, and in doing so has numbed the world conscience to the point when we tolerate everything anyone does as a matter of course. This is the logical and necessary outcome of pacificism, and until pacificism is repudiated this facile tolerance of evil will continue.

India and the Electorate

AN extremely unpleasing and disingenuous attempt has been made to make capital for the Government's Indian policy out of the results of the Altrincham and Hitchin elections. The facts, of course, are the exact contrary of those suggested in the Press and generally believed. Sir Edward Grigg specifically opposed the Government's proposals for the transfer of the police services and was returned by an immense majority. Sir Arnold Wilson preferred to reserve his judgment until the Joint Select Committee had reported and was returned by a relatively smaller majority. Neither candidate attempted to defend the White Paper proposals. By the time these notes appear, the Party Conference will have been held. Whatever the result of that meeting, the vote has been made worthless in advance by the deliberate action of Mr. Baldwin's supporters in making the party leadership the chief issue; why it should be supposed reasonable to place the party first and the peoples of India second passes understanding. The manœuvre is a deeply discreditable one. There is a strong case for the White Paper proposals, and a strong case against them. The one thing certain is that the matters at stake immeasurably transcend in importance the future of Mr. Baldwin. The first and elementary duty of a party leader in such circumstances is to see that no one is asked, or led, however indirectly, to vote against his judgment because of any domestic considerations.

The Navy

WE have drawn attention from time to time to the serious condition of the Navy. It is useful to note that Mr. Roosevelt has chosen the opening of the World Conference as the appropriate moment to earmark an

immense capital sum (almost £50,000,000 sterling) for a new building programme for the American Navy. It is a matter of urgent necessity that we for our part should do the same. The world is drifting under perilous omens into stormy seas, and the thing which will make catastrophe inevitable is if the one great world power with a serious will to peace is disarmed and helpless to influence the course of events. Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, our most distinguished naval strategist, contributes an important article to this number of the ENGLISH REVIEW which should stimulate members of Parliament to action.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

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The World Economic Conference: Inflation only Remedy

By Professor Gustav Cassel

THE idea of leaving the solution of all vital questions to the World Economic Conference has so far crippled all the initiative that ought to have been taken immediately after the Lausanne Conference. It is still asserted that economic recovery is impossible until the great political questions of disarmament and the writing-off of war debts are solved. To set this order for dealing with the problems in hand is foolish. Economic reconstruction ought to begin immediately, and may, in fact, make very substantial progress before these two questions are settled. It is extremely important that, without waiting for these two political problems to be solved, we should have a definite programme for our economic recovery.

The decisive cause of the world crisis is the general fall in prices. We shall never be able to overcome the crisis unless we stop this downward tendency. The holding of the Conference will be a waste of time unless we are quite clear about this beforehand. Excessive protection, which is now producing complete isolation of one country from another, and reducing the nations to a medieval standard of living, is itself essentially the product of the price slump. It is only to protect themselves against the continued fall in commodity prices that the nations have gradually resorted to more and more ruthless measures against foreign competition. If we fail to bring about a rise in the commodity price level it will be futile to attempt to obtain co-operation between the various countries in loosening the bonds that restrict commerce.

The experience of the last World Conference, held at Geneva in 1927, points a distinct moral. At that conference truly extraordinary efforts were made to introduce

measures facilitating a freer exchange of commodities. But with France's reversion to the gold standard and the cessation of the normal export of capital from the United States, the hoarding of gold began in these countries which depressed prices so enormously during the following years. That made an end of the prospects of reform in the direction of freer trade, and there began a general competition among the nations in taking measures for the destruction of world trade. The present conference cannot possibly succeed in restoring freer trade unless a general rise in commodity prices is ensured which would render desirable and less dangerous to all the participants a freer international exchange of commodities.

It is the general view that nothing can be done to improve trade until international confidence is restored. But it is beyond all doubt that the lack of confidence is in the first place due to the fall in prices. A price slump will ruin not only individual manufacturers, but also whole industries and whole countries. A great part of the Colonial world is already insolvent, and the same applies to nearly the whole of Eastern Europe. The debtors' capacity to pay can only be restored by means of a rise in prices, and that is why a rise in prices is an indispensable condition of the restoration of confidence.

The same applies to the rest of the world. Enterprise is simply unable to move whilst the price slump continues and whilst those in charge of monetary policy are unable to give a definite guarantee against continued deflation. At present prices it does not pay to produce most commodities. For years the deflationists preached that the way out lay in the adaptation of the entire economic system to the depressed commodity price level. The true significance of this was that it involved the reduction of wages and debt burdens to correspond to the price slump. This could not be carried out, and the efforts that were made in this direction have only led to a further fall in prices. The balancing out of the entire price system has remained as far removed as ever. The reduction of

wages led to bitter disputes while the attempts to reduce the debt burdens could have no other consequence than the destruction of the last shreds of confidence. Has the world not had enough of these deflationist efforts which were made with a complete ignorance of the nature of money and which only owed their hold on the public mind to the crudest misinterpretations?

During the last few years many attempts have been made—frequently with State aid—to prevent a slump in *individual* commodities by the artificial restriction of production or supply. Economists have always regarded these " valorization attempts " as foolish, and we have seen how, one after the other, they have failed. These experiences have been exploited by the deflationists to cast suspicion on every endeavour designed to prevent a continued fall in the general price level. The fact has been overlooked that this is an entirely different problem. The regulation of the general price level is a purely monetary matter, is, in fact, the same as the regulation of the value of the monetary unit, and has nothing in common with the amateurish attempts to support individual prices.

If it is desired that the World Economic Conference should be successful, then its first and by far the most important task must be to end the deflation and raise the general price level to a definite, limited degree. Above all, it must be recognized that we are here dealing with a purely monetary task, a task that must be solved if the world is ever again to have a stable currency and therefore lay a sound basis for world economic organization.

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Great Ships and Security

By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond

ONE of the greatest obstacles to any effective reduction in the cost of naval armaments is the belief that it is necessary that a certain small number of the vessels of a Navy shall be of a very great size. The opinions of the naval authorities of the maritime Powers differ, it is true, as to what this size must be. Some place the figure at 35,000 tons, others at 28,000, others at lesser figures. In the opinion of our own naval authorities the minimum size consistent with " fitness to lie in the line of battle "—in other words, to form a unit of a massed body of naval force—is 22,000 tons. We are, in fact, being assured, with all the weight which official professional opinion can bring to bear, that the nations in general, and ourselves in particular, would be exposed to grave danger if the tonnage of the largest, or " capital," ships were reduced below that figure.

Reasons for this opinion and in confutation of the views of those who hold that the figure could, with perfect safety to ourselves as well as to other nations, be reduced to much lower figures, were given at the meeting in April of the Institute of Naval Architects. These reasons should stand beyond the possibility of doubt, for the sums involved as well as the fundamental necessity for security at sea, are of the highest importance. Facts and precedents invoked to sustain the argument of necessity must be both correct in substance and relevant to the issue. The reasoning based upon those facts must stand the closest examination, and any hypotheses adopted to illustrate the matter must have their foundation in probability. It is therefore not only proper but essential to examine the facts, precedents, hypotheses and reasoning, brought forward to prove that it is necessary for public money thus to be expended.

In the first place we are told that the present great size of " capital " ships is due to the adoption of the principle of what has been called " going one better."

This principle was introduced into the British navy rather more than a quarter of a century ago. It was then roundly condemned by some of the most prominent naval thinkers. That condemnation, however, we are now told was undeserved, for to "go one better" is inseparable from human affairs and therefore was unavoidable. This "law of natural increase" is asserted to be proved by the experience which history places at our disposal. It is said to be illustrated, and its existence established, by the supersessions successively of the single banked vessel by the bireme, of the bireme by the trireme, of the trireme by even larger vessels; and, in later times, of the two-decker by the three-decker.

Such growths did, indeed, take place in the galley types, but they were followed by a return to smaller vessels. The great multi-remes in the Mediterranean proved so costly, and were found to be so unnecessary, that they were, by common consent, abandoned; and in mediaeval times they had completely disappeared and the fleets of the naval Powers in that sea were composed entirely of single banked vessels.

The asserted supersession of the two-decker by the three-decker shows an extraordinary want of acquaintance with facts. So far from this having taken place, the proportion of three-deckers in the British fleet steadily declined during the century and a half which embraced practically all of the great naval wars from the late seventeenth to the early nineteenth century. The figures, given over 20 years ago by Admiral Sir Reginald Custance, leave no doubt whatever on this point. The percentages of three-deckers in the total number of "ships of the line" between 1677 and 1815 were as follows:—

Year - -	1677	1702	1756	1778	1793	1803	1815
Percentage of three-deckers	33	28	22	16	19	19	15

Increases in size have certainly taken place as skill in

construction and knowledge of the use of materials developed. The nations inferior at sea were the initiators of such increases and it was natural that they should be. Struggling to wrest the mastery at sea from the more numerous fleets of their opponents, the weaker endeavoured to gain an advantage by building larger ships. Actually, they gained none. They forced the building of larger ships by those opponents and nothing more. If the matter had any relevance to the present problem it would lie in the existence of the facts that it was in the interest of this country to initiate increases and that it was her policy so to do. Both of these, however, are the exact opposites of the facts.

That the policy of going one better which has resulted in an increase in size from some 16,000 tons to 35,000 tons—with a temporary aberration in which it rose to 42,000 tons and would even have reached close upon 50,000 but for the check at Washington—was disadvantageous, is as plain as a pikestaff. The evidence that this policy—still commended and approved—weakened the naval power of this country is unanswerable. Before it began we had an uncontestable superiority over our potential enemy, Germany. In 1906, Britain possessed 39 "capital" ships, Germany 16; and those of this country were better ships. The creation of a greater type rendered all this fleet obsolete—"unfit to lie in the line." Thus, when the war began in 1914 we possessed 29 capital ships to Germany's 20. Whether regarded in terms of percentages or of actual quantities, it would require the services of an able casuist to convince any one that this country's position was improved by the innovation.

There were many officers, and those by no means the least distinguished both in thought and in action, who dissented profoundly from this headlong casting away of our accumulated naval power, and who foresaw what the result would be. In 1901, even before the great increase of size in the time of "Dreadnought" policy, Admiral Sir

Edmund Fremantle had deprecated the growth that was then taking place. He regarded the adoption of ships so large as 15,000 tons as "inconsistent with our interests," and advocated that we should confine our construction to vessels of no more than 11,000 or 12,000 tons—figures ridiculed by our officials to-day as being mere "cruiser-battleships." *But they were "fit to lie in the line"*, and that is the sole test of a "battleship." The policy of "bigger and better" was condemned by Admiral Sir Reginald Custance, who pointed out (*Blackwood*, May, 1906) that the Dreadnought's advent had brought about a corresponding rise in the size of other nations' battleships,

> "conclusive evidence that it is futile to aim at building ships more than equal in power to those of other nations. This being the case, is it a wise policy on the part of Great Britain to lead the way in increasing size?"

Admiral Sir Edward Seymour deemed that "the origin of the Dreadnought was for us an evil, though if others had begun it we should have had to follow," and he condemned scathingly what he called "the game of beggar-my-neighbour."

"Beggar-my-neighbour," he wrote, "is a very nice game of cards for children, but when played with ships between first-class Powers it is extremely costly and probably very risky." Truer words were never written. Our rivals were quick to discern the advantage they could derive from it, as the published German documents plainly show. Yet in face of this, and of a great deal more evidence, the wisdom and the "inevitability" of the policy is to-day commended in the official circles who guide our present policy. The dynasty of the Bourbons is evidently not yet extinct.

While it is plainly wrong to commend this policy, it is no less wrong to convey the impression that the policy has an historical justification. Our predecessors knew better. Just as St. Vincent would give no encouragement to Fulton's submarine in his day, so also Sir

Baldwin Walker, Surveyor of the Navy (to-day called the "Controller") was explicit in his views on the initiation of great size or new designs, in 1858 :—

> "It is not to the interest of Great Britain, possessing, as she does, so large a navy, to adopt any important change in the construction of ships of war which might have the effect of rendering necessary the introduction of a new class of very costly vessels, until such a course is forced upon her by the adoption, by Foreign Powers, of formidable ships of a novel character requiring similar ships to cope with them."

No less definitely did the Administration of Lord Northbrook in 1881 reject the policy of initiating a race in construction. The Board went so far as to say that even though certain Powers should build larger ships—as some had done—we should confine ours to 10,000 tons, the size, let it be remarked again, which to-day is treated as ridiculous.

Megalomania, when it came, extended to cruisers. In 1894, the old and well-tried methods of trade defence—methods to be proved correct twenty-three years later—were rejected. In opposition to the view of the First Sea Lord, the policy of "bigger and better" was applied to cruisers, and we got those preposterous ships the *Powerful* and *Terrible*. The policy, which then followed, of large cruisers has been costly to this country, detrimental to its security, and disadvantageous to the whole world.

Nevertheless, this policy finds official defence to-day. A "law of natural growth," which has no existence in fact, is advanced in support of the alleged necessity for the maintenance of the great sizes with which we all saddled ourselves at Washington. Apart, however, from the plain evidence that the policy was injurious, the question of the existence of such a law is in reality wholly irrelevant to the problems of to-day. That which to-day is in need of solution is not the question of whether British policy, at a time when no limits of size existed, should have been to initiate a growth in size, but whether, when by common consent competition in size has been abandoned and

agreement as to a limit of size has proved practicable, there is some necessity, inherent in war at sea, for ships to be of the size of 22,000 tons or even more. This is, clearly, an entirely different issue.

Turning from these myths parading as the history of development to present-day tactical and strategical questions, we are told that the great size is rendered necessary by the great guns. But here again we require some explanation. What dictates the size of the gun? At one moment we were told it must be of 16-in. calibre. At another, that it could be of 13·5-in. Since then we have been told, first, that 12-in. was enough, and to-day it has shrunk to 11-in. Are then all these figures guesswork —merely arbitrary sizes, unrelated to the fundamental factor—function? There seems indeed to be a reversal of things. When there was no limit to the size of the ship that size was governed by the size of the gun. But when the size of the ship is limited, the size of the gun is governed by the size of the ship, for within a certain tonnage, certain sized guns only can, with due regard to all the considerations of design, be mounted.

All the assertions that a certain size of gun is needed in a ship called a "battleship" are, in actual fact, nonsense. Nevertheless, a reason is given. This reason is that it is essential in sea warfare that a "battleship" shall be capable of destroying a cruiser, or any "reasonable" number of cruisers—whatever the "vague word" reasonable may mean. Her strength is said to be governed by this necessity, and the argument follows that the 11-in. gun is an essential weapon because it is the smallest which will confer on the battleship this supremacy over the cruiser.

Let us begin, in dealing with this assumption, by noting that no such a reason ever in the past dictated the size of a capital ship. The size of the cruiser, or frigate, in no way whatever governed or affected the size of the ship of the line. Nor was the size affected, as it is suggested, by the requirements of protection against gunfire.

If that had been an aim of the old builder, the ships' sides must have been far thicker than they were; for they could be perforated by 18-pounder shot,* and the 18-pounder was far from the heaviest gun carried; thus Collingwood at St. Vincent (engaging a three-decker and an 80-gun ship in his two-decker) remarks that his shot passed through both ships.

Another most gravely inaccurate historical assertion is made to support this theory of the necessity for great size, namely, that no reasonable concentration of frigates could tackle a ship of the line; with the rider that so much was this recognized as a principle that it was not considered a sporting thing for the line of battleships even to fire at a frigate. How far from the fact this is, is well known to anyone with an acquaintance with the history of sea fighting. There are many occasions on which the heavy frigates took station in the line and engaged ships of the line. In the action of July 6, 1782, the *Isis* and *Flamand*, British and French frigates respectively, each engaged 74-gun ships of the line. The frigate *Leander* fought at the Nile, and put up a very fine resistance to the ship of the line *Glorieux* afterwards. The Dutch 44-gun frigates fought against ships of the line at the Dogger Bank. Two British frigates engaged, separately, the *Languedoc*, 90, and the *Tonnant*, 80, after d'Estaing's action. The *Glorioso*, a ship of the line, was taken by cruisers, while on the other hand, the captain of the *Stirling Castle*, a ship of the line, did not consider it fit to engage two frigates, the *Oriflamme* and *Diane*. Finally, whether the statement that it was considered " unsporting " to fire on a frigate may be judged from the episode at the Nile when the frigate *Sérieuse* came under the fire of Nelson's squadron and was at once sunk.

The assertion, or implication, that the size of the ship of the line in the past was related in any way to the size of the cruiser is unsupported by a single tittle of historical evidence. The sole qualification which at all

* *Vide* Barham Papers, I. 329.

times, from the very earliest, has governed the size of the principal or "capital" units of any navy has been capacity to meet the corresponding units of an enemy's navy, which is the merest common sense and not an abstract theory. The differentiation between the types, "battleship" and "cruiser," arises solely from the fact that the duties which the cruiser is required to perform can be performed by vessels smaller than the largest, which again is common sense.

Coming to the problem in its modern shape, an explanation of the impossibility of reducing the size of the capital ship below 22,000 tons is attempted by the use of an hypothetical situation. Two nations, A and B, are assumed to possess equal sea forces of ten "battleships" and 40 "cruisers," although the one is dependent upon, and therefore obliged to defend, a maritime commerce and the other is not. We start thus with an hypothesis that the former Power is insecure, however large its battleships may be, for it is an elementary fact that a considerable and scattered commerce cannot be defended with equality of force.

It is next assumed that the ships of both Powers are, by common consent, reduced to 7,000 tons, though, it is to be observed, this is by no means the only solution of a reduction in size. Each is then supposed to furnish itself with 50—the total number—ships, and all of them are assumed to be ships of the line, though contemptuously referred to as "cruiser-battleships," in oblivion, it would appear, of the familiar fact that many battleships were of that size, and smaller, not many years ago.

The assumption that a reduction in the size in any alters the constitution of a fleet is most extraordinary. Obviously, if 40 cruisers were the proper complement of those vessels when the ships were large, the same number would be needed—provided they were large enough to perform the functions they exist to perform —when the ships are smaller. A reduction in the size

of the unit does not cause an alteration in function or abolish the need for cruisers. We have indeed only to cast our eyes backward to the time when battleships actually were small—10,000 tons and less. Did we then, or did any other Power, regard them as the ships to whom the duties of direct defence of commerce fell? So far from so doing we had, in addition to forces of battleships, numerous cruisers—Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby calculated the requirements at 186. The supposition, in fact, that the reduction would result in the production of a common type is devoid of any strategical basis.

If a Government with the concurrence of an Admiralty should commit an act of such monumental folly as to furnish the country with no forces for its essential detachments, and should do what no British Government has hitherto done and dissipate our principal units instead of concentrating them, then I am bound to agree that we should be asking for defeat. But if men are so foolish, the mere building of larger ships would not save them. Bigger ships will not confer wisdom and as bad a use will be made of them as they will have made of their policy.

We are told that the enemy would concentrate and annihilate our battlefleet. Yet we had none of these frights and fears of annihilation when ships actually were small. When we had an approximate equality with France and Russia in ships of from six to ten thousand tons this assessed danger did not disturb us. It is perfectly true that many attempts were made in the old wars by French strategists to force us, by diversionary movements, to weaken our concentration: but as our statesmen and seamen generally know their business these efforts uniformly failed.

Hypotheses need a solid basis. This hypothesis has none. Dangerous as hypotheses are, let us take another. Imagine that two Powers, notwithstanding a total difference between their needs of defence, should possess equal navies, and that they should replace their ten

22,000-ton battleships and 40 10,000 (or so) ton cruisers with ten 10,000-ton and 40 6,000-ton ships of those respective types—the sizes being those allocated to Germany. Undoubtedly, whether the sizes be the larger or the smaller, the Power which has the obligation to defend essential oversea interests is, in each case, at a marked disadvantage compared with the Power which has nothing to defend and can use its force entirely in attack—which possesses, in fact, the initiative; for parity of material is not parity of security. Defeat of the defending Power is in each case practically certain for the simple reason that it would be unable to protect its life-blood—commerce.

In the previous hypothesis the fear was that the Power which was under no necessity to defend its commerce could call in its " cruisers " and so obtain a superiority which would enable it to annihilate its opponent's fleet. In this hypothesis, how many 6,000-ton cruisers would have to be called in to produce this annihilating superiority? How many *Kölns*, with their 6-in. guns, are supposed to be the equivalent of a *Deutschland*? And, still more, if instead of weight in the *Deutschland* being thrown into unnecessary speed, it was used in producing extra fighting power and defensive qualities?

Sea officers are aware that Admiral Troubridge, commanding four ships of about 14,000 tons, mounting 36 guns of from 7·5-in. to 9·2-in., was held by his peers to have been justified in refusing action with the *Goeben*, a 22,000-ton ship mounting ten 11-in. guns —all of which could not be fired on one broadside. The Rule of Three is not a safe guide in strategy or tactics, but one may not unreasonably ask how many vessels, mounting eight or nine 6-in. guns each, would be needed to meet an improved *Preussen* firing, say, eight 11-in. guns on a broadside. If the 36 heavier guns of Troubridge were not enough it would seem that at least no smaller number of the smaller guns would suffice. We are told that a reduction in size

would expose us to the danger of annihilation of the British Fleet. One who spoke with some authority on the subject—Nelson—remarked that " only numbers can annihilate " : and though the battle of Tsushima may appear to invalidate that observation it does not really do so for, in place of numbers, there were leadership and skill, and we may without great vanity believe that no British Fleet will ever be so deficient in these qualities as the Russian Baltic Fleet.

The lesson is not, as the official opinion appears to deduce, that large ships are essential. It is that we need a sufficiency of cruisers to give defence to our scattered and vital commerce. One of the reasons why we have not got that sufficiency at present—for no one with the least knowledge of his profession imagines that 50 cruisers will serve the needs of our security—is that the obsession for great ships has plunged us into such an expenditure that we cannot afford the number we require. By casuistical arguments operating upon naval minds untrained to casuistry we have been induced to reduce our cruiser forces far below the 186 of Hornby, the 124 with which we began the war and even the 70 of post-war minimum calculation.

To summarize these pleas for great size. What were asserted to be relevant historical facts were neither relevant nor historical. A policy, assumed to be traditional in character and advantageous in result, is seen to have been neither traditional nor advantageous. An hypothetical situation adduced to illustrate a danger proceeded from the starting point of a transparently absurd premiss. If it is upon such grounds as these that we are being forced to maintain a policy of retention of these great ships, with all the cost and all the dangers to our security which they involve, it is plain that the subject is in need of a more critical and scientific investigation.

The Restoration of Property (IV.)

By Hilaire Belloc

I SAID at the end of my last article that, after the comparatively straightforward task of restoring *in some degree* (but as much as possible) the small distributor, and in a necessarily lesser degree (but as much as possible) the craftsman, we should have to deal with the more serious task of the distribution of ownership in those great units of production, distribution, transport, etc., which cannot of their nature be worked " severally " as can the forge, the carpenter's shop and the grocery. These large units cover most of the field in the highly industrialized countries such as England, but they cover a large part of it in nearly all modern nations, and an appreciable part even in those which can in general be called agricultural.

In the past, and during the present moment, this field of the large unit has tended to become larger. The economic area in which you cannot hope to recreate the small distributor and the small craftsman has tended to increase at the expense of the area in which you can restore him.

This tendency is due to two quite different causes, between which it is most important to distinguish, especially as most of those who deal with these matters in our modern economic writing confuse them badly. There is, first of all :—

(*a*) The economic unit which has, *from the nature of the instrument used*, to be worked on a large scale; the classical example is a railway system.

(*b*) The economic unit which becomes a large one, not from the nature of things, not because the instruments used must be gathered together in one centre or under one combination and control, but because the elimination of competitive costs, and even the greater perfection of

methods accompanying amalgamation, coupled, of course, with the greed of those who manage the amalgamation, tend to produce such great units. Here the force at work is a human and not a mechanical one, and has nothing to do with the nature of the instruments concerned—or little to do with it—and much more to do with the effects of untrammelled competition.

We have seen how true this is of the chain shop and the big store, and the same thing is at work, of course, in production and in transport. You see it in the eating up of the small motor-bus services by new big combines, which should logically grow into one great combine; you see it in the production of such things as gramophone records in great centralized factories, and in many such factories under one control, and, of course, in thousands of other instances.

I say it is all-important to distinguish between the two kinds of tendency: they are to be dealt with in quite different fashions. The defenders of industrial capitalism—such few of them as are left—and those with the same type of mind who defend Socialism, and its only logical form, Communism, have told us over and over again that amalgamation is inevitable. They call it an "economic necessity" because they think that anything that is cheaper or more efficient for the special purpose of production or transport must necessarily oust that which is somewhat less cheap or somewhat less efficient. They also imply that there is a necessity for the greedier man and the more cunning man to eat up the more generous and the less instructed. They confuse what they here call "necessity" with that true necessity imposed by the instrument and by universal natural laws independent of the human will. There is no *necessity* for amalgamation into larger and larger units, where the instruments used do not of themselves impose larger and larger units. The only "necessity" here is the logical necessity of consequences following upon certain human arrangements. Where you have arranged

the rules of the game in any particular fashion there will necessarily follow certain consequences, but those consequences no longer follow when you change the rules of the game.

If you were to declare immunity for those who stole watches there would follow as a necessity a great deal of watch-stealing as compared with the stealing of other objects. If there were no punishment for assault you would find weaker men bullied on a large scale physically by stronger men; and in the same way if there is no restriction of competition or of the scale of ownership or of the size of amalgamation and control thereof, then, indeed, there is a sort of necessity making for the increase of the economic unit. But it is only a necessity so long as the rules stand thus—change the rules and the necessity disappears.

Where, however, the instrument used is of such a nature that it can only be used on a large scale then there is indeed a necessity for a large economic unit. I have quoted the railway as the classical example of this. To build a railway from Bilbao to Leon will cost a very large sum indeed; you will have to prepare the gradients, to build bridges, make cuttings, pierce tunnels through the mountains, and when you have done all that you must have your rolling stock and the rest—you cannot operate the thing save as one very large unit. But there is no *necessity* that all motor-buses going along an already existing road from Bilbao to Leon should be owned by one big combine, or one rich person, or even all controlled from one centre. They will tend to be so controlled if you leave competition unchecked; that is if your society and your laws are so organized that property is safeguarded by the laws while its good distribution is not so safeguarded.

Now our policy in dealing with these two quite distinct groups of large units should, I think, be fourfold:—

I. In the matter of units which are necessarily large,

because the large instrument alone is capable of doing the work, we must watch every opportunity of substituting the smaller unit for the larger whenever a new discovery permits this; but where there is no such opportunity, where the large unit is inevitable, we must have control either for the purpose of creating well-distributed property in the shares thereof, or for the purpose of managing the use of it as a communal concern. For instance, much of the centralized mechanical production of our time could be decentralized through the now widely distributed use of electrical power. A differential tax would effect this.

II. Where amalgamation and the formation of large units is due not to the nature of the instrument but to unchecked competition, we must deliberately reverse the process, as in the case of the shopkeeper and craftsman. We must penalize amalgamation and support division of units. For instance, the grinding of wheat into flour has become the monopoly of a few large mills which took advantage of the war. It would be immediately possible to penalize these by differential taxation and restore the smaller millers by the subsidy thus available.

III. In all cases where separately owned shares in the unit are possible (and they are nearly always possible) we should aim at creating the largest possible number of shareholders and at preventing the growth of large blocks of shares under one control.

IV. We should especially act against that typical modern evil which may be called " irresponsible control," whereby the economic unit is managed without real responsibility to the shareholders, and even without the real possession of the shares by those who control them.

Let us take these four points one by one.

I. The process of discovery and application is not, as was arbitrarily affirmed in the nineteenth century and even later, one necessarily making for the large unit. New discoveries and new applications do not produce in

any inevitable way the expensive instrument as against the inexpensive. The idea that they did so was, like most so-called "scientific" ideas, an irrational conclusion drawn from blind habitual experience which did not consider the logical nature of the problem.

It was the experience of those who began the use of modern machinery that the machines to their hand were increasingly expensive and could be used very much better—often could only be used—in large centralized fashion. The system was already well started and had gathered momentum when new instruments appeared eminently favourable for a smaller division of the unit, and the opportunity was not fully taken advantage of precisely because of that momentum gained by the earlier system of large units. First we had the electric motor, whereby power could be almost infinitely divided; next we had the internal combustion engine whereby it could be still further divided, especially for the purposes of transport. Of this somewhat more advantage was taken than of electricity, but in both cases the advantage was rapidly neutralized by amalgamations which had nothing to do with the nature of the instrument but were merely the result of uncontrolled competition, the rich man swallowing up the poor man.

What the future may reserve for us in the way of new instruments we cannot tell, but at any rate with those already in hand there is an indefinitely large field for the expansion of well-divided effort and its accompanying well-divided ownership. In those cases where the instrument is necessarily very expensive we may, as I have said, adopt one of two methods: we may either promote the ownership of it into shares, the proper division of which and the saving of which from irresponsible control we will later discuss; or we may accept the principle of communal ownership, whether by a guild or by the State, but under the general proviso that ownership by the State is better avoided where possible. We must admit that there are cases where it will be

found in practice to work to the advantage of all, save that such ownership tends to make a proletariat of those who serve it. State ownership is better, of course, than ownership by very rich individuals, or even than ownership by many small shareholders who are at the mercy of a few rich ones; but there is always the danger in State ownership that the men who work for the State-owned instrument will turn, if they are not turned already, into wage-slaves, without other support than the weekly provision made for them by their master the State. This is not strictly and necessarily the result, but it tends to be the result. The Belgian and German railway systems, for instance, the one when it was State-owned and the other still being State-owned, worked, and work very well for the community and remained curiously free from the corruption which so-called " representative institutions " breed in such affairs. The Parliamentarians of the two States in question left, I understand, a clean-working and efficient bureaucracy to do the management, though no doubt they occasionally put themselves and their hangers-on into particular jobs connected with the monopoly. We must not start with the principle that State-ownership is always bad through its tendency both to inefficiency and corruption; but we *must* start with the proviso that it must be avoided where possible, although State control for the purpose of preventing irresponsible monopoly is essential. A chartered guild composed of the workers in the system would be one form of communal system securing a better distribution of wealth; so would a chartered share-holding company, to which the rules we are about to consider (applicable to all share-holding and designed with the object of a good division of property in the shares) should apply.

But in all this department we must remember that the necessarily large unit covers a far smaller field than is generally imagined. There is the railway; there is the post office, including telephones and telegraphs; there is the road system of the country. But the great mass of

production, distribution and transport does not fall under this category. That great mass is concerned with the second point.

And meanwhile every new discovery or application of an existing discovery which makes for the break-up of such monopoly must be fostered. For instance, it is directly against our policy to bolster up the railway against road transport. It is, on the contrary, part of our policy to favour the new road transport against the railway, because road transport can be worked in small units and the railway cannot.

"But it is essential that our support of rural transport should be a support of the small man and that we should differentiate strongly against the use of the road by the great monopolies, especially those which deal in heavy goods. Railway property has at least by the action of time become better distributed than most of the great capitalist groups, whereas some of the monopolies which are now getting the advantage of road transport at the public charge are virtually in the hands of half a dozen men and often—as in the case of petrols and oils—the property of aliens."

II. As to those amalgamations into large units which are the result of competition and human arrangements independent of the nature of the instrument used, we can act there exactly as it was proposed to act in the matter of the chain shop. We can penalize the large unit, and subsidize and advantage in every way the smaller unit.

This does not mean, of course, that we can break up units which of their nature must be of a certain size. One type of production will need an organization such that you cannot have less than a certain size of unit connected with it, another will require a still larger size, and in every such case you will, for the better distribution of property, have to organize for property in the form of share-holding. But what is essential is to prevent the amalgamation of units beyond the maximum size

required for actual production in that particular department.

For instance, you may say: "We cannot make incandescent lamps in the modern fashion without such and such a minimum amount of capital. It is necessary for the making of the lamps that such considerable units should exist." Yes, but it is not necessary that many factories should be amalgamated into one. Production and distribution may be rendered somewhat cheaper by so doing, the work may even be somewhat more efficiently done, but the price you have to pay in the loss of freedom is a great deal too high.

Another striking example is breweries. To-day they tend to be few and centralized. Better beer and a greater choice would result from penalizing the large brewery and with the revenue subsidizing the small one, down to the cottage brewer.

In the mixed cases you must advantage the smaller unit as against the greater. An excellent example is the modern production of footgear. Footgear can be produced by machinery on a larger scale and much more cheaply than it can be by the hand-craftsman. Such footgear is also much worse than that produced by the hand-craftsman. But you cannot, with modern urban populations, abandon the mechanical production of footgear. What could be done would be to encourage the hand-craftsman so that his necessarily small number should at any rate be extended as much as possible. You should tax the mechanical production, and, above all, you should see to it that there should be no amalgamation of factories or establishment of very large factories, when, at no very considerable loss of efficiency, the smaller factory will do. In other words, you must here as everywhere reverse the direction of economic life; you must do the opposite of what was done by those who began the industrialization of the modern world—you must act in a fashion which *they* would have called artificial or unnatural, and against what *they* called the

"economic tendency." That spirit indeed must run through all the effort for the restoration of property if there is to be any chance of its even partial success.

III. The setting up of smaller units held in shares and controlled by guild or company monopolies where these are necessary will be of no service to those who desire to restore property unless the shares are well distributed. To effect a good distribution therein you must apply differential taxation, in three ways :—

First, to the size of the individual shareholding group. You must make it difficult for the large group to buy up the smaller one. You must make it easy for the smaller group to start at the expense of the larger one, and then to grow to a certain size in spite of the efforts the larger one will make to crush it out.

Secondly, you must limit the individual holding of shares; not by arbitrary legislation (merely saying that not more than so many shares may be held in one hand), but, again, by differential taxation. Where the holder of so many shares desires to increase his holding he must pay a tax which rises so steeply that as his accumulation proceeds it is soon checked, and the proceeds of that tax can be put to the subsidizing of purchase by the smaller holders. That is a new principle to which we are quite unaccustomed, but without it the restoration of property will not work.

Thirdly, there must be a capital tax on industrial shares (as distinguished from land) which is in a different category altogether. More must be provided by such a capital tax and less by income tax. Thus only do you really differentiate against the big holder.

It may be argued that we have something of the kind already in the Death Duties, to which I answer that the parallel is false. The Death Duties do not prevent accumulation nor redistribute it after it is made; all they do is to take away a certain part of private accumulation and dissipate it in keeping alive various State functionaries and paying usury on non-productive State

debts. But a capital tax on the value of shares held, and levied continuously on the amount held would automatically produce the desired result.

When you have these three forces at work in combination a wide distribution of ownership of shares will necessarily follow.

IV. There remains provision against that worst of modern evils in matters of share-holding—irresponsible control. As things are to-day you get the following state of affairs :—

Some swindler (to give him his true name) having 51 per cent. of the shares in a company (we will call it A) puts forward company A as the purchaser of 51 per cent. of the shares in company B. In other words, he uses the property of the other 49 per cent. of the shareholders of company A, without responsibility to them, and makes company A the controller of company B. He then uses his control of company B to purchase 51 per cent. of the shares of company C—and so on. At last one individual (or small group) has in his hands the control of an indefinitely large number, to whom he is not responsible.

The actual process of course is infinitely more complicated than that and is capable of any amount of modification, but that is the principle at work.

In order to defeat it there must be an established principle that :—

(*a*) There shall be no majority control save through a very large majority, certainly more than 51 per cent. and better 80 per cent.

(*b*) No affiliation of companies, nor power of purchase of shares by a company as a person.

Now we remark that irresponsible control is also called "inevitable" through the breakdown of an unwieldy machinery of voting. A general meeting of shareholders is really no control at all; it was designed for a time when all society was differently organized and much simpler. There is no reason why voting power in shareholders should be unwieldy were the companies

reasonably small, and there is no reason why voting on all major proposals should not be done by post. Here comes in the difficulty, as there must come in all these things, of degree. Which proposals are so important that the opinion of the shareholders must be taken? With a good distribution of property and a habit of well-distributed share-holding and a growth of small units, common sense would soon decide this on its largest lines.

Take a case of which the lines in the main (as I remember them) were these: Some years ago a company with a very large number of shareholders was got hold of by an "operator" (to use the euphemism he himself affected). It was a company owning many hotels. He "controlled" it, if I remember right, by the method which I have given in simplified form above. He did not personally own the bulk of the interest. He even indirectly controlled but a very small fraction of it. But his control was absolute. His own business in life happened to be the sale of furniture—whether it was his direct business as a manufacturer, or whether he had got it through yet another series of operations I forget. At any rate, he started to make the hotels in question furnish themselves completely to his advantage—to purchase furniture they did not need at higher prices than they should have paid—in order to fill his own pockets. In that case the thing was exposed and widely talked about because the "operator" made some technical mistake or other which enabled his victims to bring him into court. But it is a model of the kind of thing flourishing on all sides in a thousand different forms, which, if it proceeds unchecked, makes the good distribution and security of share-holding impossible.

To all these propositions it will be replied, of course, that they are impracticable. The whole structure of the modern world renders this so. The evil is now mature, it has taken firm root, it has developed in all its complications. You could not undo even a part of it without a crash—even if you had despotic power; and to hope

to do so without despotic power is plainly chimerical. You would never get opinion to move—for opinion has been formed in the very atmosphere of that which you are trying to destroy.

To this I answer first, that our effort at restoring property does not aim at perfection nor even at any large universal upheaval of the existing system. It aims at making a beginning. Just as in the case of the craftsman we know that we cannot put him back where he was before ugly and imperfect things turned out mechanically began to oust his much better forms of production. Just as we cannot hope to see in our time the great stores disappear and the lesser and much more useful shopkeepers take their place; just as we cannot even hope probably for any very large curtailment, at any rate for some considerable time, of the pernicious multiple shop system, so we cannot quickly and on a large scale remedy share-shuffling. But, as in the case both of the distributor and the craftsman, we can make a beginning. We can plant a seed and we must hope that that seed will grow.

Such should be our aims in the matter of share-holding in industrial concerns, in the size of their units and the curtailment of irresponsible control of them.

And I would add that in the whole process a very powerful factor making for success would be the public knowledge of how much is held and by whom, and a continued attack upon that secrecy which is half the evil of the present state of affairs.

Secondly, I would answer, what I fear may seem paradoxical (I have already said it in a past article), that the effort to be made not only does not attempt completion, not only will be satisfied with beginnings, but will very probably fail even in such a very limited field. The forces against even the partial success of such an attempt are ubiquitous and highly organized, and what is worse they have become instinctive, they are taken for granted as the natural air of society.

The reform proposed is not easy, even on a small scale, but, once more, the excuse for attempting it is that the alternative is clear. Either we restore property or we restore slavery, to which we have already gone more than halfway in our industrialized societies. I do not say that slavery, whether to a very rich man or group of men or the State, is a bad thing, or a good thing. I only say that, without well distributed property, freedom cannot be; and that, if we leave things as they are, slavery must come.

(To be continued.)

Old Alabaster

By John Easton

OLD Alabaster had lain now in the infirmary for six weeks, and it seemed that nurse and blanket and pillow, even the rivers traced out on the cupboard door by the cracks in the paint, were all conspiring to keep him there longer, for a year at least.

The doctor, too, had at last begun to take his pauper-case seriously. When he had first examined him, he had taken up the thin, bony hand mechanically, gazing at the broken finger-nails while he asked the nurse a few questions; but now, since Podder's visit, he had almost shown deference, addressing him courteously, as one might treat a patient who would foot his bill, and expected to share in the secrets of his malady; he even tossed a hearty remark to him as he passed on to the public ward.

Old Alabaster regarded this forced geniality with a trace of a smile, that seemed to crack the parchment that passed as his skin. He tolerated the doctor, as a prisoner tolerates his warder, but his whole being smote against Podder and his fat, smug companion in knicker-bockers, who said nothing. They had visited him twice, and were coming to see him again that afternoon. He hoped it would be the last time, for he was sick of them.

He was waiting for them now, and as he stared up to the ceiling he imagined them in front of him, and heard every word they would say, and heard his own voice as he answered them.

The nurse crossed the room and came to his bedside.

"Do you want anything, Mr. Alabaster?" she asked. She had called him 'Mr. Alabaster' since Podder's first visit.

He shook his head. "I did not call," he answered.

His features had relaxed a little as he spoke, but they set again in the weary, expressionless mask which he had worn for so many weeks. He had a striking face, lined and weather-beaten, although bleached by his last illness. His eyes had sunk into their sockets, so that

they seemed to peer from the inside of his head; his cheek-bones were covered merely by a thin layer of skin; his domed brow, fine aquiline nose and curved, bloodless lips gave him the appearance of a figure sculptured in marble, an illusion accentuated by the clustering curls of his thick white hair.

His hands rested listlessly on the counterpane: ordinary hands, clumsy and twisted, with broken nails and square fingers. To judge him by his head, he seemed a prelate: his hands were those of some tired vintager drawn by Millet.

After the nurse's departure he lay staring at the ceiling for some minutes: then shifted his gaze to the wall. The change from whitewash to yellow distemper seemed to goad him to life, for he murmured again the answer that he had prepared for them when they came that afternoon. He placed them on the right of his bed, as he had first seen them when they had come a fortnight before. The door had opened without ceremony, and the nurse had risen with the respect due to those from whom she received her bread and butter. First Podder, neat and business-like, well-dressed and energetic, without flurry or bluster. He was a lawyer by profession, and Town Clerk of the borough: for twenty years he had dedicated his thoughts and ambitions to the service of the small market-town which usurped the right of two large industrial cities to be regarded as the capital of the county. If his imagination ever wandered beyond the confines of his native town, it called a halt at the great rivers which formed the county boundaries.

Behind him, as a hare might seek cover behind a tuft of grass, Sir George Mulready fidgeted; a great bulky figure in tweeds. He had once owned the paper mills in the valley; they had grown under him, bay by bay, stack by stack, from the days when they had consisted of a two-storey shack, with thatched roof and a large wheel which groaned under the pressure of the stream, until they had become four long snakes of red brick

buildings, entwined about the great chimney which towered like an obelisk in the desert.

Sir George had handed on the management of the mills to his sons, and for several years had sat in the House, elected by a solid block of votes drawn from the valley, every home of which owed its existence to the large machines that turned out paper day and night. But at last there came a period when night-shifts stopped and the machines ran by day only; then two machines stopped altogether, and the remaining seven ran for half the day, and idle, untrained men were left to loaf in the villages or poach the streams. An election followed, an election in which Sir George lost the valley by two thousand votes, deposed by the son of a foreman who, forty years ago, had spat for luck and winked at "Mr. George" when the first big machine had been started up.

Sir George never forgave the valley, nor the poachers and loungers who had visited on his head their failure to understand economic changes which he could not control. He had sold his last few shares in the mills, retired to his house on the hill above the country town, and stiffened his sentences from the Bench. So that, when Podder went to see this man Alabaster on a matter of such vital importance in the history of the county, it was only natural that he should ask Sir George to go with him.

It was the county therefore, lock, stock and barrel, that had startled the nurse that morning, and had stood before Old Alabaster's bed with a great show of affability and good cheer, trying to express the pleasure it pretended to feel at being able to house him in his last illness. And it was the county that occupied the old man's thoughts on this afternoon as he lay waiting for their last visit: not the county of bygone battles, marked in maps with crossed swords, endowed with names and dates to be learned and remembered at the peril of one's infant skin: but the county hidden in the

valley near the upper reaches of the river, where it merged into downs and forest, thirty miles above the mills.

Old Alabaster knew that country as it is given few men to know a stretch of land. He had been born in it, and had gradually merged into it, leaving his father's house at eighteen and living wholly in the valley itself, winter and summer. He poached, and fished and tramped. He would live for a year at a time in a cave or tent, working only when begging had failed, as an extra hand at harvest-time or a beater at the large autumn shoots. In his early days he had tinkered for a living, collecting pots and kettles from the scattered farms and bearing them off to his camp for repair. The money so gained brought him bread and whisky, and his skill as a poacher kept him in meat.

In the intervals of his tinkering he read such books as he could borrow from the farmers; one would find him loitering at a bridge, or wedged among the boulders in the river-bed, and he would snatch the book hastily to himself, or thrust it beneath his coat, as if ashamed to be found in such company. Sometimes he would write down the thoughts that came to him as he tinkered, or fished, or lazed in the sun, in rough doggerel that took on the form of smooth verse as he hammered at it and polished it, as if it were some kettle entrusted to him to repair. The peace of those quiet hollows intoxicated him; he would write rapidly, almost feverishly, his whole body trembling with enthusiasm—as a townsman may watch the sun setting behind a headland at sea, and return to his lodgings quivering with sentiment. Had Old Alabaster been content to leave his poems in the form he had first committed them to paper, they would have had little to commend them. The first rough drafts could have been surpassed by any schoolboy who had not yet learnt the use of appropriate words; but he hammered away at them, and pondered over them, for weeks at a time, when the glamour of the

inspired moment had long passed away, and the memory only remained. But once he sensed that they were in harmony with his ordinary attitude towards his life and surroundings he touched them no more.

In this laborious manner Alabaster amassed twenty or thirty poems, which he would copy and give to the farmers' wives when he fetched their kettles, or stopped for a slice of bread and mug of tea. He would read them aloud in his deep voice, rolling the words slowly and emphasizing the drone of the vowels like a bard. He attracted a large audience, for he was known to every man and woman in the valley, and they gave him pennies and sixpences which he took without scruple.

The poems appealed to the villagers and farm-hands. They were full of the philosophy that he had acquired from living alone, almost as a beast might live: they told of the beauty of fields and woods and streams: of the cruelty that dominates the lives of living things in the process of nature: a recognition, without bitterness, that beauty and cruelty go hand in hand in the creation of the universe. To him a caterpillar, writhing in the grip of the maggots that an ichneumon fly had hatched beneath its skin, was as worthy of appreciation as the setting of the October sun behind the hazel-groves on the hillside; his apathy enabled him to write down without prejudice what he saw in his life in the valley. And so he passed the middle years of his life: drawing no distinction between friend or enemy, beauty or ugliness, joy or pain.

One day a doctor, who had been called in to bind up a gash in his arm, had happened on one of the poems and, in joke, took it in payment of his fee. More from curiosity than expectation, he persuaded Old Alabaster to post it to the editor of the county newspaper; to the poet's astonishment he received five shillings and an invitation to contribute regularly.

In the face of this sudden windfall he gave up tinkering and begging, but he continued to work on the

farms as before for the sake of the life he found there, that life from which he drew inspiration. Occasionally he planned to write something bigger than the verses that came to him so readily, but he lacked the power or opportunity of concentration, and contented himself with odd smatterings of verse. In this way he only wrote when he was moved to write, and yet kept pace easily with the demands of his editor.

The quality of his work was recognized in a large city where industry and the arts moved side by side. A critic traced him to a village in the valley, and found him working at the harvest in a large farm, where the two men spent some days together.

Old Alabaster had never known companionship of any kind. He had moved from farm to farm as a being not of this earth. It had never occurred to him that there were many men as superior to him in outlook as he seemed superior to the farmers in the valley. He found himself unable to talk, unable to express to this man in words what he had felt within him and written down with his pencil. He became a listener for the first time in his life, and the novelty of it thrilled him.

The critic had observed much, but his observation had been confined to the study of human life in a great city: he had discovered in human beings what Old Alabaster had discovered in birds and fish and the small life of field and water. Alabaster had learned to appreciate the truth that lies in the unchanging laws of nature: the other had learned to criticize the untruth that lies in the changing laws of men: thus the critic had theories to explain to the tall gaunt figure that sat uncomfortably in the armchair of the inn parlour—his fingers clasped nervously round his glass of whisky.

To the critic's many questions he could only shake his head.

"I don't know what I meant by that," he said. "I saw it, and I wrote down what I saw: it came to me; I didn't think about it. I can't think. Thinking doesn't

help. I hear, and see, and smell and taste these things, and write them down, just as they are. Why should they mean anything? They happen; and after I have written them down, I try to make them sound right."

This came as an outburst. He stood up in the inn-parlour, flourishing his hands as he spoke, and when he had finished he walked out of the inn without even bidding the critic good-night. On the following day they met again, and the critic wisely fashioned no more theories of life, but tempted Alabaster to talk of the valley. They were leaning over a stone bridge that crossed the river at the ford below the inn, and as the critic listened he realized that to Alabaster he was no more than some dairymaid shelling peas in front of a farmhouse, listening to that queer old Mr. Alabaster carrying on while he was finishing his beer.

Before he left the valley the critic obtained permission to publish the poems in book form at his own expense; Alabaster was to receive fifty pounds for the edition, a generous gift in the circumstances.

Alabaster did not write another poem after his meeting with the critic. Everything that he had written had been taken away for the book; a poem was not forthcoming for the next issue of the paper, and he was faced for the first time with the task of writing to order. His hobby took on a fresh aspect: it appeared to him as a business, a profession, and his whole life might have been summed up as a struggle against the economic forces which drive men to adopt a regular means of livelihood. He shirked it from day to day as he had always shirked anything that was not spontaneous, so much so that the thought of it worried him, and he let his writing lapse for good and all. And now that his vision of the valley had been obscured by this cloud from the city, the years of exposure to the weather started to tell on him. He sickened of his life and took rooms in a cottage for the winter, where he gradually spent his money, chiefly on whisky.

The following spring found him an old man, white and gaunt, crippled with rheumatism, and querulous. He tried to take to the valley again, but his kinship with it had disappeared; he made his way northwards to the city which promised to make some use of him. He was bitterly disappointed. His friend was dead, and he found that Alabaster the poet and Alabaster the outcast were different fry; he was left to drift with the flotsam and jetsam of the slums, denied occupation even as night-watchman or porter. After two years of misery he found his way back to the valley, broken and crippled, and was taken into the infirmary of the country town to die. It was while he lay in his bed, staring at the ceiling or running his fingers slowly down the cracks in the paint of the cupboard by his bedside, that a copy of his book fell into the hands of Podder, who was collecting material for a history of the county.

"What are we going to do about it?" Sir George asked gruffly, when the lawyer announced his discovery.

His practical voice brought Podder back from his dreams. "Do? Why, this book must form the Third Volume of my history! We'll collect every word the man has written. We'll trace his life, annotate his work, and get Morsley to write a Preface. Alabaster shall do for the county what White did for Selborne, and Gray for Stoke Poges. Do? We must find out where he is, or when he died; and we'll set up a bronze to him in the Square—young Wentworth can do it, the fellow who did the war memorial at Brittles." The enthusiasm of the historian had returned to him again. He saw the work of his life take on a new glory. "The first thing is to find out where the man is," he repeated. Three days later, he announced proudly to Sir George that the poet was dying in the local infirmary, and they had set out on that first visit.

The old man had listened to them with suspicion, but he gave them no answer. "You want my poems," he said. "I see. I will think about it. I find it hard to

think—thinking has never come into my life somehow. I have only felt things. The county poet! and a statue, you say!—if I will give you the copyright of my verses. I must try to think."

His words came slowly, but suspicion remained in his face as he spoke, and he scarcely glanced at his visitors.

"But, Mr. Alabaster——"

"I heard you, sir. There is no need for more words. A statue and a poet! In the valley there were no statues, and no poets. I will try to think."

His words trailed off, and he lay in silence, staring at the ceiling. They took up their hats after a few moments of embarrassment, and left the room on tiptoe.

Their visit had a bad effect upon the old man. He seemed to lie in a kind of stupor, and the nurse, who had been unable to follow the tenor of their conversation, was worried.

She had gone over to his bed. "Can I do anything?" she had asked.

"I'm trying to get back to the valley," he had answered.

At their second visit he was querulous, and gave them a denial. He had tried to think, in accordance with his promise, and as a result he could only consider their offer with the judgment that he had acquired in his short sojourn in the city, and a sense of having been wronged boiled within him. "You leave me here in your poorhouse to die, and you would take from me the one thing I have ever possessed. It's my own, I tell you. To hell with your copyrights and statues!" The effort was too much for him, and he fell back on the pillows, almost in a state of collapse.

They calmed him down, Podder holding his wrist gently in his steady hand. Sir George crossed to the window and stood with his back to the room, gazing into the courtyard.

After a few moments, Old Alabaster stirred and

started to speak again in a quiet voice, as he had spoken to the critic on the stone bridge below the inn. "You asked me to think, and I have tried, but I feel nothing but confusion. I see a great crowd of men, and a jumble of limbs, legs and arms, and great eyes staring. I know that I'm being trodden upon, and above the shouts and hissings I feel nothing but hatred. In the valley there was cruelty but no hatred; they knew not what they did; they did it because it was bread and meat for them. In the city also they knew not what they did, for they had the judgment of children, but hatred and cruelty goaded them on; they were urged forward by envy and suspicion. How can I think, who have felt their hatred quivering through me, soaking into me—as the sun in the valley sank behind the hills and left me quivering with an understanding that I could not determine; as the dew and mist soaked into me while I lay on the hillside, waiting for the sun to bring warmth to my limbs!"

And now a week had elapsed, and that afternoon was to see their third visit. It would be their last, of that Old Alabaster was determined, for he was too tired to face another, and his mind was made up.

He called to the nurse. "Some paper and a pencil," he said. "I wish to be alone."

The nurse looked startled, but she gave him what he asked; and left the room.

At first it seemed that he had slipped back many years; odd lines from his verses stirred drowsily in his head, and the pencil trembled in his fingers, as if he were about to write a last poem. But he roused himself from his lethargy with an effort, propped the writing-pad firmly against his knee and wrote:

> I give the copyright of all my poems to the Town Clerk of Barton, and I request him to burn every copy he can trace, and ensure that my work is forgotten by the world.
>
> JAMES ALABASTER.

Half an hour later the door opened and Podder came into the room. He crossed over to the bed to see if the old man were asleep. He bent over him for a moment and recoiled, for the poet was dead.

He lifted up the arm to cross it over the breast, and noticed the sheet of paper clutched in the hand. He disengaged the fingers, smoothed out the paper, and read what Old Alabaster had written. For a moment he was dumbfounded and angry, as if the dead man had struck him in the face; but a smile played about his lips as he realized that the document was valueless, that the poet's death had solved all his difficulties.

He walked over to the fireplace, stirred the coals with his foot, and smoothed out the paper before pushing it between the bars. He watched the coal burst into a flame, a flame that glowed in the room and flickered on the white face that lay on the pillows, lighting it up, as the setting sun now lights up the statue in the market square. "We had better get a death mask for young Wentworth," he murmured, as he joined Sir George in the courtyard.

Italy and Yugoslavia

By Luigi Villari

THE World War and its aftermath resulted in the formation of several new States and in the vast expansion of others, at the expense of the vanquished States, thereby leaving a number of unsolved and thorny problems to be settled by a not too brave new world. Some of these problems are of a merely local nature which could be safely left to the operation of time and to the dying down of old antagonisms, but others still constitute potential dangers to world peace. The conflict between Italy and Yugoslavia would not have been counted among the latter group had it not been for certain outside influences which rendered it more acute, and for the peculiar internal conditions of Yugoslavia which might make her Government plunge into reckless adventure as the only way out of its difficulties.

Italo-Yugoslav relations have often given rise to misunderstanding in foreign countries. It is frequently stated that the chief cause of dissension lies in Italy's aspirations towards Dalmatia, a purely Slav province which Italian Imperialists covet. A part of it had indeed been assigned to Italy by the Pact of London in 1915, but as a result of the vicissitudes of the Peace Conference, she agreed to renounce it in favour of Yugoslavia (except for the Italian town of Zara), in exchange for the annexation of the equally Italian town of Fiume, which had been erected into a free state but had proved incapable of independent existence. Italy, it is claimed, was never reconciled to this arrangement and is ever seeking a pretext for going to war with Yugoslavia to recover Dalmatia. We are told that Italy wants Dalmatia because it is a rich country, because Rome and Venice owned it, because it would be a valuable base for further conquests in the Balkans.

In actual fact Dalmatia is not rich—quite the contrary—and even if Italy aspired to Balkan conquests, which

she does not, Dalmatia would be the worst possible base of operations. Italy's real interest in Dalmatia is of a twofold nature. Many Italians feel a sentimental regret at seeing the fine Latin civilization of the province submerged in a tide of Serbism, but such feelings are not sufficient to inspire those in authority with bellicose intentions. The other interest is strategic, but negative. If Dalmatia would be of no military value for Italy, its possession by a hostile Power would represent a serious danger for her. In the deep well-sheltered inlets of the Dalmatian coast, guarded by double and sometimes triple tiers of rocky islands, all the fleets of the world could find safe anchorage, and everywhere there are ideal bases for aggressive action by submarines against the open unprotected east coast of Italy. A hostile fleet emerging from the Bocche di Cattaro could dash across the Adriatic, inflict untold damage on the Italian coast and return to its secure refuge unscathed before the Italian fleet at Pola, the nearest Italian naval base, could reach the scene of action, even if informed at once. Thus the situation of Dalmatia is a cause for anxiety to Italy, but only so long as there is a danger that its ports be utilized not by the Yugoslav fleet, which is not yet by any means formidable, but by the fleet of some other greater naval Power.

A more serious cause of conflict is to be found in the limitless ambitions of the Yugoslav Government. The Adriatic provinces annexed to Italy after the World War, although inhabited by a predominantly Italian population, which had for generations longed to be united to Italy, and thoroughly Italian in all the elements of civilization and tradition, also contain Slav minorities—Croats in Istria and Fiume and Slovenes in the other districts. Many of them had been imported into the Venezia Giulia, as the whole coastal area is called, by the Austrian authorities, who, after the war of 1866, feared the Irredentist tendencies of the Italian element and hoped to swamp it in a Slav flood, as it did successfully in Dalmatia.

The Yugoslavs indeed proved faithful subjects of the Habsburg Monarchy and fought for it in the World War to the bitter end, even against their race-brothers the Serbs; they only emerged camouflaged as "Allies" when Austria-Hungary had collapsed.

Nevertheless, the Belgrad Government and large sections of public opinion in the Triune Kingdom regarded the whole of the Venezia Giulia as theirs by right. Since the agreements with Italy concluded in 1924 the Government professes to accept the existing situation, but a number of organizations have been formed under Government auspices and taking orders from the political and military authorities, to promote and keep up the "Irredentist" movement. It is claimed in Yugoslav circles that the agitation is the result of the Italianization policy adopted in the Slav districts of Italy. But it should be noted that the agitation existed and was ceaselessly active even in the early years of Italian rule, when no attempt was made at Italianization and the Slavs were left free to constitute a sort of *imperium in imperio*, an alien State within the Italian Kingdom. The inhabitants of Yugoslavia no doubt feel a sentimental interest in the Slav character of certain districts beyond the border, but the true motive force of the agitation is the lust of territory of the Belgrad Government, which ardently desires to annex the Venezia Giulia and secure its rich cities and valuable ports. Indeed the policy of Italianization was introduced after 1922 just because of this irredentist agitation fomented and financed from across the border. The Treaty of 1924 was an attempt by Italy to offer the olive branch to Yugoslavia, but when the treaty was implemented by the Nettuno Conventions a year later, the Belgrad Government delayed ratification for a considerable time, and when it did ratify them an intensified anti-Italian agitation broke out in the Adriatic provinces of Yugoslavia, more directly affected by the agreements. The agitation, however, ended by developing into a Croat movement

against the Belgrad Government, and since that date hatred of Italy declined among the inhabitants of the border provinces, as hatred of the Serb régime absorbed their activities, but became intensified in circles dominated by the Government. The Press, the stage, popular songs and the wireless were all called in to foment the hate campaign. But it was not conducted only by words and music.

A traditional peculiarity of Serbian political life has always been the activity of the secret societies. The military "Black Hand" and "White Hand" acquired a sinister notoriety owing to their organization of political murders. There are in addition several other societies who hide their more serious activities under the disarming guise of lectures and literary journalism. Thus, the *Narodna Odbrana*, an emanation of the military secret societies, founded in 1908, fomented the revolutionary agitation in Bosnia-Herzegovina and prepared the Serajevo murders. To-day, its programme is for a still greater Yugoslavia—a federation with Bulgaria, the annexation of the Venezia Giulia and Albania, and a "corridor" to Salonica. Its affiliated youth organization *Istra, Trst, Gorica* makes a special appeal to the natives of the Italian Adriatic provinces. Although nominally a private society, the *Narodna Odbrana* is under the Information Section of the General Staff and ruled by generals and field officers. Its secret activities are developed along the Italian frontier and beyond, where they promote sedition among the Slavs of Italy.

Closely connected with the *Narodna Odbrana* is the *Orjuna*, which has organized most of the terrorist outrages on Italian soil. After the *Coup d'Etat* of January 6, 1929, the *Orjuna* was officially dissolved, together with other political associations, but within two months it was reconstituted and placed under military control. It is said to have established contacts with the Italian anti-Fascist groups in France, and even with anti-Italian organizers at Innsbruck, although in general the Yugoslav regard the German-Austrians as enemies.

The *Cetniki* are irregular armed bands organized by the Ministry of War and entrusted with certain duties in peace time in view of possible wars—preparations for blowing up bridges and railways on enemy soil, bombing outrages and murders intended to terrorize and demoralize the inhabitants of the adjoining frontier districts. They are organized chiefly for action in Albania, Macedonia and Bulgaria, and do not appear to be operating on the Italian frontier.

The *Jadranska Straza* (Adriatic Sentinel) is a sort of navy league, created to promote interest in naval matters generally in the Adriatic and in the future annexation of the Venezia Giulia.

The *Sokols* were founded in Bohemia a century ago to give physical training to the Slav youths and prepare for the fight against Germanism; they soon extended to other Slav lands of Austria-Hungary. In Yugoslavia they are particularly active along the Italian frontier, they have a definite anti-Italian character, and are said to be to some extent propagandists of Orthodoxy against Catholicism. At the great Sokol festival of Spalato in June, 1931, Dr. Buich, the leader of the Spalato branch and a man in close touch with the Government, in demanding the annexation of the whole east coast of the Adriatic, added: "Let us strike down the last remaining signs of slavery; let us strike down the Venetian lions." This declaration is significant as it was made over a year before the actual destruction of the famous Venetian lions of Trau, and disposes of the official statement that the outrage was the work of irresponsible youths. Incidentally it shows how hatred of Italy extends even to artistic evidence of Latin civilization.

The main object of all these various organizations is to maintain the anti-Italian agitation among the Slavs of the Venezia Giulia under Serb leadership in the hope of securing their collaboration in the event of war, just as was done in the case of the Austro-Hungarian and Turkish provinces containing Slav elements before the

Balkan Wars and the World War. In operating against Italy the secret societies have to act with greater prudence, as Italy is a well-organized State with an efficient police and civil service. The great majority of the Italian citizens of Slav race, if they would have preferred to belong to a Slav State, care more for peace and order than for political upheaval, and want to be left free to attend to their occupations, and the example offered by the conditions of Yugoslavia, where even their own race-brothers are victims of persecution, is not such as to offer great attractions. But a certain number of terrorist outrages was deemed necessary to keep the ball rolling and prevent anything in the shape of Italo-Slav fraternization. A few characteristic crimes may be mentioned. On April 3, 1926, the clerks in the goods station at Prestane, near the frontier, were held up by three armed men and nearly 250,000 lire carried off; the alarm was given, and the bandits were pursued and caught up, but they fired and killed a railway employee and a customs guard. Reinforcements having arrived, two of the bandits were shot dead, one of them a Slovene from Postumia (Italy), the other from Planina (Yugoslavia), a fugitive from justice for the murder of two carabinieri. The rest were arrested in Yugoslavia, but although they confessed and were found in possession of part of the stolen money, they were acquitted. The organ of the *Orjuna* published an article on the incident stating that "Italy is again beginning her provocative actions, which may have serious consequences." A series of other outrages followed. On November 3, 1926, the explosion of an infernal machine in the militia guard house at San Pietro del Carso caused the death of one man and the wounding of two more. Between August, 1927, and August, 1930, some ninety outrages were committed, including 13 murders. The most sensational of these crimes was the shooting of a party of Slovenes in Istria on their way to vote at the elections of March, 1929; one man was killed and another wounded. The assassins were tried and

executed, and their leader, Gortan, is now regarded as a national hero in Yugoslavia. Another equally startling affair was the bomb explosion on February 10, 1930, in the offices of a Trieste newspaper, which resulted in the death of one man and the maiming of three others; it was proved at the trial that the bomb had been brought by car from Yugoslavia by members of the *Orjuna*. Even after August, 1930, the outrages continued, although with less frequency, the last being the wounding of an Italian boy at Veglia (Yugoslavia) by a member of the *Orjuna* in August, 1932; the youth died of his wounds a month later.

Another cause of dissension between Italy and Yugoslavia is the Albanian question. Here, too, there has been a good deal of misunderstanding in foreign countries. Italy has no desire to annex Albania, which would be a liability rather than an asset, but she has both a sentimental and a strategic interest in the country. There are in Italy some hundred thousand Albanians, and Italian public opinion has always followed the vicissitudes of the Albanian people with sympathy. At the same time, the nearness of Albania to the Italian coast must be borne in mind, for Italy cannot afford to let that coast fall into hostile hands. Hence she has advocated Albanian independence as a guarantee for her own security.* She sponsored it after the Balkan wars when Serbia, Montenegro and Greece wished to partition the country among themselves, and if by the Pact of London in 1915 and in the early post-war period she agreed to its partition should the other Great Powers demand it, it was as a result of the pressure of those Powers who would not otherwise have agreed to other measures even more necessary for Italian security. For the last thirteen years Italy has abandoned all idea of a protectorate over Albania and reverted to her traditional policy of making that country independent and self-

* Italy's attitude towards Albania has been compared with that of Great Britain towards the Low Countries and towards Portugal.

supporting. It is this policy which has brought her into conflict with Yugoslavia who, like the pre-war Serbia, has ever aspired to annex Albania and has several times tried to do so. This aspiration is based on a variety of considerations—a general tendency to expand in all directions, a desire to shorten her frontier line, the already effected annexation of large districts inhabited by Albanians and the consequent fear of Albanian irredentism as long as any part of the country remains independent. There is perhaps also a feeling that some day Croatia and Dalmatia may achieve an autonomy so wide as to amount practically to independence, wherefore Serbia would be deprived of her outlet to the sea unless she secured the Albanian coast. Finally, the existence of an independent Albania might prove a menace to an eventual Yugoslav advance on Salonica.

These ambitious designs on the part of Yugoslavia are backed by powerful armaments. Ever since the creation of the new State the greatest attention has been concentrated on the fighting services. The original four armies have been raised to five, and a sixth is in the course of formation. The whole force consists in peace time of sixteen infantry divisions, two cavalry divisions, one guards division, and a special force at the Bocche di Cattaro, composed of fifty-nine infantry, ten gendarmerie, ten cavalry, forty-two artillery, and six engineer regiments, in addition to a tank corps and other special units, amounting in all to 150,000 men, without counting the *Cetniki* and the *Sokols*. The artillery was originally deficient in heavy guns, but to-day there is an abundance of 280 and 240 mm. guns of the latest type with mechanical traction, 155 and 105 mm. Schneiders and 150 mm. Skodas. The air force was constituted only in 1930 with twenty planes; to-day it consists of seven regiments with 1,000 planes, plus the hydroplanes attached to the navy. The navy is still small; it is, however, concentrating on submarines, which would imply that it is destined to act not as an independent force, but as part of an allied fleet.

A great deal of the war material for Yugoslavia is of foreign importation. Up to January 1, 1931, 795,000 rifles, 5,500 light and 4,000 heavy machine-guns, 1,000 military lorries, 200 tractors, 20 armoured cars, 78 tanks, and 400 aeroplanes had been supplied from abroad. Since May, 1930, 2,000 car loads of munitions have arrived from France *via* Austria, 1,000 from Czechoslovakia, and from January to May, 1931, one train-load of munitions per day has entered the country, besides further supplies received by sea.

The Yugoslav military and naval budget is not easy to understand. In no year has more than 45,000,000 dinars (£150,000) been assigned to naval construction; yet in 1927–29 four submarines were acquired, and in 1930 a cruiser. Of the total budget only 21 per cent. appears to be assigned to military and naval expenditure, whereas in reality the proportion is over 40 per cent.

The treaty of alliance between Italy and Albania purposely follows the lines of the treaty between England, Holland and Portugal of 1703.

Italians ask themselves against whom is Yugoslavia arming? She is surrounded by seven States, of whom one, Rumania, is an ally, three, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria, have been disarmed by the Peace Treaties, while Greece and Albania are not capable of aggressive action. There remains Italy, but Italy has no warlike intentions; she is far too much concerned with developing her internal resources to think of aggression, and has proved by her action at Geneva and elsewhere her firm intention to promote disarmament. Nevertheless, Italian public opinion would not be unduly alarmed at Yugoslavia's policy and armaments, as Italy is quite strong enough to take care of herself, were it not for the support which her north-eastern neighbour seemed to enjoy on the part of France. What made Yugoslavia reject Italy's olive branch as represented by the treaties of 1924 was the conviction, right or wrong, that she could count on French backing for the fulfilment of her ambitions

at Italy's expense. It is probable that France was not prepared to give Yugoslavia *carte blanche* in this connexion, and that she was merely using her ally as a means of pressure in the diplomatic game. It appears that in quite recent times her encouragement has been less vigorous and that the stream of munitions from France to Yugoslavia has somewhat slackened. If as a result of an improvement in Italo-French relations, which all good Italians and all good Frenchmen should ardently desire, France were definitely to discountenance Yugoslavia's aggressive policy, Italy might well ignore the menace of the latter Power and the hysterical outbursts of its few foreign friends, but for one circumstance. Deprived of French support, Yugoslavia would presumably not dream of attacking Italy. But at the present time Yugoslavia is going through a critical phase; millions of her subjects are profoundly dissatisfied with the Belgrad régime and in a state of ferment. What the Belgrad Government does with its own subjects is a matter concerning Yugoslavia alone, and it is doubtful whether the lessons which some of its too candid friends wish to impart to her will achieve the desired results. But there is a danger, which cannot be altogether ignored, viz., that the Government, in the hope of allaying the present discontents, should plunge into what pre-war German militarists were wont to describe as "ein freier, frischer, frommer Krieg," and turn hatred of Belgrad into hatred of Italy. We must not forget that to the Serbs the idea of war is not that of a ghastly catastrophe and a menace to world civilization; they secured such vast and unhoped-for benefits from the last war that they appear ready to contemplate a new conflagration with the utmost equanimity.

Italy asks very little of the Yugoslav Government in order that the two countries may live in peace and develop their mutual trade, which is very considerable, to the advantage of both. She only asks that it should abstain from fomenting plots in the Venezia Giulia, and from financing and encouraging nominally private terrorist

organizations to do likewise. If it is really interested in the prosperity and happiness of the Croats and Slovenes it might devote its attention to the millions of men of those races within its own borders who do not appear to be quite satisfied with their present conditions; Italy is capable of taking care of the few hundred thousand Slavs on her territory, and will be able to do so even more fully when they cease to receive perpetual incitements to sedition from abroad. Belgrad should, above all, abstain from making excessive military preparations for aggression evidently designed against Italy, or indeed against Yugoslavia's other neighbours, for any explosion in the Balkan tinder-box might well produce a general conflagration. We do not want another Serajevo.

The Great Powers by the conclusion of the Four-Power Pact seem to be at last really determined to see to it that peace is maintained. Although many professed Democrats hold up their hands in horror at the idea of a dictatorship by the Powers signatories of the Pact, and insist that all Powers, great and small, must be regarded as absolute equals, in actual fact it is inevitable and, indeed, desirable that the Great Powers, who are alone capable of enforcing the common will to peace, and who have a greater sense of responsibility, should be invested with greater authority than the others. In one respect, at least, they should exercise dictatorial powers, viz., it is up to them to prevent the irresponsible, bellicose, semi-civilized peoples of the earth from promoting hostilities, either to satisfy their territorial lust or in the hope of allaying their internal difficulties. With regard to the particular question with which we have been dealing, the Four-Power Pact appears to have placed Franco-Italian relations on a more friendly basis than ever before. It is therefore to be hoped that this fact will be brought home to the Belgrad Government.

William Wilberforce

By G. C. Heseltine

THE achievement for which William Wilberforce is now dimly remembered, a century after his death, is the Abolition of Negro Slavery. As an achievement it is not historically spectacular; its consequences, though praiseworthy, are of the negative order, and so apt to be forgotten. But it was an achievement of considerable importance and enormous difficulty, demanding a measure of greatness in the man that would have ensured his immortality in the more spectacular spheres of war, international affairs, or science. It was accomplished, in spite of political and personal handicaps, by a man who is worth remembering as a singular phenomenon in the social and political life of his country—singular yet characteristic not only of his age and country, but still more of the province of his origin, Yorkshire.

Wilberforce was a natural Tory, born of a stock that had ruled its native heath for half-a-dozen centuries, obscurely. His immediate ancestors had increased their wealth by engaging in the Baltic trade from their local port of Kingston-upon-Hull. William was born there, educated there (in the first place, then at the Yorkshiremen's college at Cambridge, St. John's), and elected at twenty-one to represent the borough in Parliament. Four years later he was elected Member for Yorkshire, and continued to represent the county for the next twenty-eight years.

Immediately after his election for Yorkshire, he suffered the change that determined the rest of his career. He had early come under the influence of extreme evangelicals, more recently under that of Isaac Milner. Now he wrote to his friend Pitt, lately made Prime Minister, telling him of his deep religious convictions and his need for seclusion and withdrawal from party politics. Pitt, who was of the same age, did not want to lose such a useful political ally. He expressed

the reasonable fear that his friend was deluding himself into "principles which have but too much tendency to counteract your own object and render your virtues and talents useless both to yourself and mankind."

Naturally enough, the ardent convert was unmoved. Whereas he had for some years, from his Cambridge days, done his best to be a gay dog with George Selwyn, Fox, Sheridan, Pitt and the rest, gambling at Almack's, Brooks's and Boodle's, worshipping at the shrines of Mrs. Crewe, Mrs. Siddons and the Duchess of Gordon, he had done so with much private remorse. He seems to have been tolerably good company, spending his money freely, and only from his diary do we know that he was shocked at a christening because somebody laughed, shocked at the dancing of Festin de Pierre and the sang-froid of the audience, shocked at the singing of "Rule, Britannia" at a Royal Academy dinner. Now he resolved to be finished with such wickedness. "I laughed, I sang, I was apparently gay and happy, but the thought would steal across me, 'What madness is all this; to continue easy in a state in which a sudden call from the world would consign me to everlasting misery!'"

In earlier times, and elsewhere, such a young man would have been saved from the worst consequences of that state of mind by the Church which decided for him what sins would earn Hellfire, and did not include laughing among them; for young men of his turn of mind, the Church wisely provided special refuges from the world—a safeguard for themselves and their fellow-men. Wilberforce had to save himself, without such help.

"God Almighty," he records, "has set before me two great objects, the suppression of the slave trade, and the reformation of manners." For twenty years he fought to get a Bill against the Slave Trade through the House of Commons, suffering repeated defeats by narrow majorities or the accidents of procedure. When he

succeeded, the Act did no more than make illegal what was formerly permitted. It made no real difference to the slave trade, because money and direct action were necessary to enforce the law. Wilberforce was not only opposed by the natural inertia of Parliament; he could never get Government support. Opinion was too much divided within the parties for any leaders to risk the split that would follow formal adoption of the abolition policy, though all the leading statesmen sympathised with, and frequently voted with, Wilberforce. Moreover, abolition by England alone would be futile if it merely left the trade to competitors, France, Spain and Holland, and their co-operation was obstructed by numerous diplomatic difficulties. It took Wilberforce another twenty-five years' hard work to make abolition effective. The opposition resorted skilfully to every obstructive device. The destruction of the West Indian trade and the ruin of the West Indies was declared to be inevitable if slavery were abolished, and there were few rich men and politicians who did not profit directly or otherwise from the West Indian trade. Wilberforce had very great difficulty in obtaining the numerous relays of facts and figures to support his case in the frequent debates. He was engaged in a continuous tactical guerrilla.

At the same time he took an active part in every philanthropic project in London. His labours may be gauged from the fact that, before all this public work, he set his daily religious exercises: " Heard Bible read two hours; Pascal one hour and a quarter; meditation one hour and a quarter . . . " is a typical entry in his diary. In addition to this, he put himself to the enormous trouble of converting, always tactfully, his wide circle of irreligious friends in public life. Yet no one seems to have resented this or regarded him as a nuisance. When someone in the House referred to the " honourable and religious member," the House was properly indignant —it was like jibing at a member for being lame. Wilberforce triumphed over all such handicaps, and

final victory came to him as he lay dying. In July, 1833, Parliament voted £20,000,000 to compensate slave-owners in the colonies. That set the seal on abolition. Wilberforce died on July 29.

So much for the good that he did. The evil lives after him. His activities for the reformation of manners took several forms. Though he failed to set the fashion for crape at christenings, his enthusiastic Sabbatarianism was chiefly responsible for the sadistic gloom of the Victorian Sunday, that still hangs like a pall over England every seventh day, making miserable one-seventh of so many young lives.

Wilberforce and his friends naturally began with the reformation of the manners of the poor. Parson Malthus had said, and all pious rich men agreed, that poverty was the chief cause of misery and vice. One way of reducing misery and vice, Malthus's way, was by reducing the numbers of the poor—not by making them richer (they could not stand that) but by restricting their natural increase; another way, Wilberforce's, was by restricting their natural habits, their natural tendency to vice and bad manners as displayed in their amusements. "The most effectual way of preventing the greater crimes," said Wilberforce, "is by punishing the smaller, and by endeavouring to suppress that general spirit of licentiousness which is the parent of every species of vice."

From the fundamental fallacy that it was the function of the law to make people good according to the uncertain standards of sin-conscious individuals, and from the fact that the penal law was inadequate for that purpose, Wilberforce concluded that any group of sincere pious men might take the law into their own hands. They obtained a Royal Proclamation against "profanation of the Sabbath, swearing, drunkenness, unlicensed places of public amusement" *et hoc genus omne*, and formed the "Proclamation Society" for the Suppression of Vice, two offsprings of which are still with us, the National

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Reverend Sydney Smith ably exposed the gross immorality of such a society or combination of common informers; how the influence and wealth of a society of that kind, by employing experienced witnesses and lawyers regardless of expense against poor and ignorant defendants, must disturb the balance of justice; how the acceptance of anonymous information, and the protection of accusers from the salutary safeguard of having to face the accused, must inevitably foster every kind of prying meanness and hypocrisy. Though such a society may be supported by unquestionably sincere and pious, though misguided, persons, it will be the refuge of the prig and the crank. Anyone who doubts the Canon's judgment should go to an annual general meeting of animal protectors and listen to the cat-calls.

Wilberforce's religious zeal blinded him to this side of the case. It led him into other grave errors of a similar nature resulting in excessive interference with the lives and liberties of the poor. He opposed trade unions and supported the repressive Combination Act of 1799. He backed the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act when industrial workers began to struggle for fair conditions against the growing slavery of the industrial system. He voted again for the suspension of that Act against Cobbett and the Radicals. The man who fought so stoutly for freedom for negroes seems to have opposed consistently freedom for his fellow-men. He thoroughly hated plucky and honest William Cobbett for no other reason than that he considered him irreligious and a Radical. Reform of manners, when it came from Wilberforce's "Clapham Sect," was the Cause of God; reform of a corrupt and oppressive constitution, when it came from Cobbett and the lower orders, was sedition.

He supported the Treasonable Practices Bill and the Seditious Meetings Bill against the angry poor, who were

clamouring for peace and bread on the ground that the war with France was the cause of their misery. All Yorkshire was naturally furious at these tyrannous suppressions of public liberty and public opinion. A gigantic protest meeting was called at York, despite the High Sheriff. Pitt was the chief object of fury. Wilberforce, though he was for peace, set out for York at once, very ill, in foul weather, and *in Pitt's coach.* His pluck gained him a triumphal entry into York, and his speech carried the county. He returned, very much worse in health, to find Pitt preparing to make peace.

A man thus courageous, loyal to his convictions, independent of party though a Tory in principle, sincere and incorruptible, rightly enjoyed great personal prestige. Though he never accepted office, his influence in Parliament was probably greater than that of any other Member or Minister during half a century. Fanny Burney was expressing a common opinion when she said: "Mr. Wilberforce is looked upon as the only man in the Dominions to whom arbitration should belong." For he was, strangely enough, never prejudiced. He was always open to conviction. Strongly as he disliked the Catholics, he voted for Catholic Emancipation in 1829 as a matter of justice. He was a pacifist, yet he supported the Government wholeheartedly in the prosecution of the war once we were engaged.

"An infinite fund of anecdote, an unvarying fertility of wit, a constant readiness to be cheerful, were the most familiar characteristics of his conversation. But no such thoughts tainted the domestic intercourse which gladdened his family." So wrote two of his sons. It is hardly necessary to add that one of them lived to earn the nickname of Soapy Sam and put up such a poor case for Christianity against Huxley. It would no doubt have distressed William, had he lived, to see the other son, and yet another, become Catholics. But he would have taken the blow generously; he had said that he

wanted his sons to be good Christians, but would not have them affect more than they felt.

He was not a bigot, though he never yielded on his principles. He sacrificed his old friend Pitt rather than allow Pitt's man, Dundas, to get away with his malversation at the War Office. When the angry mob was after the blood of the supporters of the Corn Bill, he gave them refuge in his house. He was a brave man, and a magnificent fighter.

Boswell, who was in York when Wilberforce stood in a gale to make his maiden speech there, describes the scene: "I saw what seemed to be a mere shrimp mount upon the table; but as I listened he grew, and grew, until the shrimp became a whale." The shrimp routed the political forces of the great families, the Cavendishes, Carlisles, and Fitzwilliams. Later, in the general election of 1807, there was a determined effort by both parties to capture his independent seat. He was very ill and could no longer, after his many generosities, afford such a contest. His countrymen subscribed £70,000 and tramped from every corner of the county to York to vote for him. He spent £30,000 against his opponents' £200,000, and won. He won the election, as he won universal respect over the handicap of his extreme religiosity, as he won the fight against negro slavery, as he won his victory over a feeble frame, poor health and bad digestion, making them serve him for seventy-two years, because he had the tenacity and doggedness, the courage and persistence, that the men of his county boast as the qualities of their kind.

He was an example of that strangely rare phenomenon in representative government—a man who did, in his conduct and character, represent his own people.

Que d'áne et de beu je sai
Qui n'an airein pa tan fai!

How many politicians we know who would not have done that much!

An Earlier League of Nations: And why it failed

By Lord Rennell of Rodd

IT is probable that few of those who reiterate the trite reflection that history repeats itself have it in mind that long before 1919 an attempt had been made to create a League of Nations. Such a league was, it is true, conceived for a special purpose, but that was one which seemed at the time of paramount importance to civilization. The initiator was not a President but a Pontiff, or strictly speaking a succession of Pontiffs. It failed because the various states whose union in a common cause was contemplated could not be induced to subordinate their particular interests and mutual antipathies to the admitted advantage of the collectivity.

On the 29th May, 1453, Constantinople fell before the irresistible arms of Mohamed II. The Pope Nicholas V, essentially a man of peace, warned by the terrible defeats previously inflicted on the Hungarians at Varna and the Serbs at Kossovo, had endeavoured to break down the barriers which separated the Latin and the Greek churches, and at the Council of Florence he had, nominally at any rate, been successful. He now addressed a fervent appeal to all Christian states to co-operate in action against the infidel. The first essential was to restore concord among the rival rulers in Italy. But when their representatives arrived in Rome in October, 1453, they seemed chiefly concerned to avail themselves of a favourable opportunity to ventilate their own claims and grievances, while Venice, preoccupied only with the protection of her commerce, had already negotiated a treaty with the Turks. Nicholas, exhausted with his strenuous efforts to restore normality after the Great Schism, did not long survive the disaster of Constantinople, and his death at the end of 1454 provided a pretext for postponing discussion which was welcomed by all to whom he had appealed.

His successor Callixtus III, in spite of age and infirmity, took up the torch with determination. He laboured to compose the chronic dispute between France and Naples which had remained a disastrous heredity of the summons of the Angevins to Italy to dispossess the Hohenstaufens. He sold a great part of the accumulated treasures of the Church to provide funds for a crusade. Promises of support were not lacking, but the Papal galleys under Cardinal Scarampo fought alone in a successful action against the Turkish fleet at Mitylene. Other states which had undertaken to equip vessels seemed more disposed to preserve them as a menace to each other. The English, absorbed in internal quarrels and the interminable War of the Roses, were little interested in the fate of the near east. The university of Paris protested vigorously against ecclesiastical pressure to contribute a crusading tithe, reasserting the inhibitions of the Pragmatic Sanction. The great victory of John Hunyadi over the Ottoman at Belgrade and the astonishing successes of the Albanian chieftain, Skanderbeg, might have been expected to awaken some spirit of enterprise in the self-centred princes. But Callixtus III died in August, 1458, without seeing any of his hopes realized.

The most strenuous and persistent effort to unite the nations for the defence of Europe against the Moslem advance ensued on the election of Pius II, the famous Aeneas Silvius Piccolomini, who devoted the whole six years of his pontificate to unremitting effort to promote the crusade. A council of the nations was summoned to assemble at Mantua, more central than Rome, but climatically an unfortunate selection. The Pope, who set out at the end of January, 1459, and visited several cities on the road, arrived there at the end of May to find that no envoys had yet reached the place of assembly, which was however crowded with the curious. Meanwhile the resisting power of Hungary had been weakened by the encouragement given by the German Emperor Frederick III to a group of the

Magnates to proclaim him king in supersession of Mathias Corvinus, whose delegates were the first to arrive at Mantua in June. Representatives of the Duke of Burgundy came in August, but declined to remain after they had engaged their prince to supply 2,000 horse and 4,000 foot, a promise the fulfilment of which the French king later exercised pressure to prevent. Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, though a close neighbour, waited till the end of September when he appeared in person. He was however most concerned with the danger of a French hegemony in Italy and, raising the plea of security, made it a condition of his support that the Pontiff should uphold the claims of Aragon to Naples against those of the house of Anjou. A long overdue Venetian deputation arrived about the same time with plausible but obviously evasive instructions to announce that, if the Christian princes decided unanimously on a campaign against the Moslem, Venice would do her duty. The congress opened at the end of September by which time envoys from many of the Italian states had dribbled in, unfurnished for the most part with authority to commit themselves until they had consulted their principals. A proposal from Sigismondo Malatesta of Rimini that a contribution to the defence fund should be raised for three years encountered strong opposition from the wealthier states and conspicuously from Venice. It was not till October that the representatives of Savoy reached Mantua. About the same time there presented himself as the Ambassador of the Archduke Albert of Austria, one of the former protagonists of anti-papal agitation at the Council of Basle, the intransigent George Heimberg, who improved the occasion by reminding Pius II of the amorous epistles which Aeneas Silvius had composed in his youth. The attendance of a French envoy was delayed until November and the value of his co-operation was discounted by the fact that Charles VII had meanwhile instructed his agent in Venice to discourage any participation in the crusade.

A year had elapsed since the issue of a summons to the Congress and the only tangible result obtained by the Pope was a confirmation from the German Princes of a promise made to Nicholas V that 10,000 horse and 25,000 foot would be available. The distribution of the quota, however, was left to subsequent diets to determine, a procedure involving inevitable procrastination and ultimate non-fulfilment. Pius II frankly admitted his disappointment when he returned to Rome, where he was confronted with a renewal of hostilities in Italy over the Neapolitan succession, with a more acute phase of his long-standing issue with Bohemia, and with a recrudescence of resistance to Papal authority both in Germany and in France. His ardour in the cause was, however, not damped and, if the French Cardinals Estouteville and Alain displayed little zeal, he was stoutly supported by the propagandist activities of loyal members of the Sacred College, such as Bessarion, Cusa and Carvajal. Meanwhile Servia had been annexed by Mohamed II in 1459 and in the following year he took possession of Athens and advanced into the Morea. The Despot, Thomas Palaeologus, who had already emphasized his submission to the Catholic Church by sending the head of St. Andrew from Patras to Rome, came to Italy to plead his cause in person. There was a momentary suspension of the Turkish advance in Europe while the Empire of Trebizond was attacked. But the occupation of Bosnia followed. An advanced naval base was secured by the Sultan in Mitylene and the conquest of the Morea compelled Venice to renounce her treaty and take up arms for the defence of her outposts and trading stations.

Faced with the indifference of Germany and the scarcely disguised hostility of France, Pius II, though already broken in health, resolved as a last resource to place himself at the head of a campaign against the infidel. Christian states could not, he believed, fail to rally to the banner of the Pontiff himself as the leader

of a crusade. Hungary and Venice were already involved, Scanderbeg needed no encouragement to take the field again and the Duke of Burgundy gave assurance of active co-operation in the spring of 1464. Sforza remained non-committed, and representatives of other Italian states who met in Rome in September, 1463, were as usual without authority to do more than refer proposals to their governments. A treaty of alliance was, however, concluded between the Pope, Venice and the Duke of Burgundy, by which they pledged themselves to engage in war against the Turk and only to make peace after agreement between themselves.

Now at any rate Pius II felt he could count upon a nucleus to which other adherents might rally. If the more powerful princes had failed him and the smaller states refined upon their excuses for delay, the peoples had not remained wholly unmoved by his appeal and bands of crusaders from France, Germany, Spain and even Scotland were on the march for Italy. But to his profound discouragement early in 1464 the Duke of Burgundy issued a declaration to his subjects to the effect that by order from the French king he was compelled to postpone his departure for the scene of war.

The port of Ancona had been selected as the meeting place for the gathering of forces. The Pope, already a broken man, arrived in the middle of July. The Venetians on whom he had counted for transport had not sent a single vessel. The republic was busied with defending her outposts and aimed at reconquering the Morea. Such crusaders as had arrived, disillusioned at the lack of co-ordination, began to disperse, and when at length in August two transports reached the harbour there were not enough left to fill them. Pius II, exhausted by a fever which had never left him, and feeling his end approaching, commended to his faithful cardinals the cause to which he alone among rulers had consistently devoted himself. He died within a month of his arrival.

A second attempt to bring the Christian states into

line and to induce those which had given definite undertakings to implement them had failed. Nor did the succeeding Pontiff, the Venetian Paul II, who was deeply stirred by the fall of Negripont, meet with any response to his insistent appeals, and a final effort of Sixtus IV to reassemble the congress had no greater success. A suspension of further progress of the Turks in Europe was due to other causes, the progressive occupation of Aegean islands, the conquest of Egypt and the necessity of consolidating those territories which were to constitute the Ottoman empire. It was not arrested by the laudable initiative of the Popes to found a League which dynastic or national rivalries rendered ineffective. While historic analogies should not be pressed too closely, it must be admitted that the foregoing summary of the reasons why a former attempt to organize a League of Nations miscarried presents some curious points for comparison with experiences of recent years.

"The Old Testament in the Light of Science"

By Rev. A. H. T. Clarke, Rector of Devizes

The Scriptures of the Old Testament, are they, like other historical documents, to be submitted to calm but searching criticism as to their age, their authenticity, their authority, above all, their historical sense and historical interpretations? (*Dean Milman, "History of the Jews"; Preface,* 1863.)

How much more hearty would be the sympathy of theologians with the revelations of Science and the developments of History if they habitually connected them with the operations of the same Divine WORD Who is the centre of all their religious aspirations! (*Bishop Lightfoot, "Commentary on Colossians," p.* 114, 11*th ed.*, 1892.)

WHEN Bishop Watson produced his "Apology for the Bible," using the phrase in its classic sense of *apologia* or "defence," George III artlessly remarked that he was not aware that the Bible needed any "apology." George III would not have said so were he living to-day. For in every commentary that has appeared in the last twenty years Dr. Driver's four "assured results" of the Higher Criticism are taken for granted in the schools: namely, that Genesis is a composite series of documents, the work of at least three editors living 2,000 years after the events they are supposed to narrate, say, about the year 750 B.C.; that Deuteronomy was a forgery put into the mouth of Moses by Jeremiah or by some one living at that date; that Isaiah was not the author of more than one-half—if as much—of his own prophecy, the second half being produced at the time of the very King Cyrus of Persia whom he is supposed to ante-date by some 150 years before his coming; that Daniel, while purporting to be a real person recounting at the time a history of his own age, was in reality a figure transported by the demands of the legend to the Greek epoch of the Maccabean heroes at a distance of some 500 years. How far these conclusions have been accepted within the Church—they all stand entirely refuted by the latest discoveries of Science—

may be seen in the dilemma to which the amiable Dean of St. Paul's has been placed by the trust-deeds which control the "Warburton Lectures on Prophecy." The terms of that trust have now been altered in law to admit of an extension of interpretation which would cover a more popular application to those modern views which distrust the fact of prophecy. The latest lectures, in fact, deal with the future of the physical world in the light of astronomy!

Yet to-day "traditional" is the key-word of the latest discoveries of Science in the twin realms of archæology and philology. It began with Harnack in 1897.*

What is true of the New Testament is not less true of the Old Testament. That chapter XIV of Genesis was based on an old Canaanite document contemporaneous with the events recorded, namely, about 2100 B.C., has always been admitted. Even Maspéro went so far as to say that "from the outset Assyriologists have never doubted the historical accuracy of this chapter, and they have connected the *facts* which it contains with those which seem to be revealed by the Assyrian monuments" ("Struggle of the Nations," ed. Sayce: vol. i, p. 47n: S.P.C.K., 1910). The book of Daniel can now also be brought within the "traditional" era, or nearly so. Professor Jeremias of Leipsic in 1904 so reckoned in it in his "Old Testament in the Light from the Ancient East." And now the editor of the "International Critical Commentary" on the Book of Daniel for the year 1927 comes to a similar conclusion. After "breaking

* I do not hesitate to use the word "reaction," for things ought to be called by their right names. And in the criticism of the sources of primitive Christianity we are beyond question in the course of a movement of *reaction towards Tradition*. . . . The chronological frame within which Tradition has arranged the original documents is correct in all essential points from the Pauline Epistles down to Irenæus, and compels the historical writer to disregard all hypotheses which contradict this framework. (Harnack, *Chron. of Anc. Chr. Lit.*, Introd., p. ix.: ed. 1897.)

with" his former views of the Maccabean date of the Book, he writes:

> There still remain excellent modern scholars who vigorously defend the *traditional* position. . . . Archæology has inspired a considerable revival of the defence of the *authenticity* of the Book. . . . Literature . . . exhibits the *reaction* towards recognition of a far greater amount of historical *tradition* in the book than the elder criticism had allowed—a position maintained in this commentary. (Montgomery, *Daniel*, pp. viii., 58, 109.)

The evidence which turned the scale definitely in the "traditional" direction was the work of Professor Dougherty of Yale in his "Nabonidus and Belshazzar" for the year 1929, which proved to demonstration that the traditional account in Daniel must have been contemporaneous to have been so far more accurate than the Persian (nearly contemporary) and Babylonian and much later Greek accounts of the same events which have come down to us. More remarkable still is the definite conclusion of Professor Garstang of Liverpool University in his "Foundations of Bible History: Joshua and Judges" (Constable, 1931), demonstrating by excavations and by other investigations on the spot both the nature of the "miracle" of the arrest of the waters of the Jordan "at Adam, a city near Zarethan," and of the fall of the wall of Jericho. He adds that the supposititious editors of the book, called J and E, must have been "almost contemporary" narrators of the facts recorded! This utter demolition of the Higher Critical hypothesis with regard to the books of the Old Testament produced from the late Professor of Assyriology at Oxford the following letter to the present writer, on definitely withdrawing his former view of the late date of Daniel held in his "Higher Criticism and the Monuments":

> I have just been writing . . . on the bankruptcy of the Higher Criticism when tested by the discoveries and facts of scientific archæology. . . . Driver is a literary philologist, not an archæologist or historian—which is a very different matter. It is on the latter side that the so-called Higher Criticism is bankrupt.

(A. H. Sayce, letters dated September 14, 1929, and March 6, 1930.)

But, apart from archæology and philology, the other Sciences all point the same way in favour of the "traditional" facts recorded in the Bible. Kelvin, in a famous letter to the *Times* for May 2, 1902, wrote that Science "compels" us to believe in a Creator and Designer of the universe. Weismann in his "Studies in Darwinism" made a "divine Will" responsible for the "forces behind Nature." But Sir James Jeans' "Mysterious Universe" goes so far as to boldly assert that Science compels belief not only in a Creator Who is personal, but in the fact of "Freewill" in a "loose-jointed" universe, by which its direction can be slightly altered. Fairfield Osborn, Huxley's pupil, in his "Man Rises to Parnassus" (Princeton University, 1927) declares the evolution of man from some lower stage to be "a myth and a bogey" (p. 74), and has since twice issued a challenge to scientific societies on this vital issue. Sir Oliver Lodge has even gone so far as to admit that

> If the historical evidence is strong and definite for the disappearance, not of bodies from tombs but of that One Body from Its tomb [on Easter Day]—the exception being justified on the ground of Its having been inhabited by an exceptionally mighty Spirit—I am not one to seek to deny the possibility on scientific grounds. (Sir Oliver Lodge, *Man and the Universe*, c. vii.)

Huxley had accepted "the possibility of miracles" in his famous letter to the *Spectator* of February 10, 1866. And now Depéret in his "Transformation du Monde Animal," though an evolutionist still, admits the breakdown of all the various theories of Evolution upon the rock of fact.

Let us return to the books of the Old Testament. The dates are all correct and nearly correspond to those in the margins of our Bibles. Thus the Exodus is established by Garstang and others as having taken place probably at 1447 B.C. The sojourn of Israel in Egypt was certainly (as at Exodus XII, 40) "430" (and not

215) years. The distance between the Exodus and the foundation of Solomon's Temple (as at 1 Kings VI, 1) was precisely "480" (and not, as according to Josephus, 592) years. The extreme accuracy of these contemporaneous records is shown by the earliest books, such as Genesis, being written in Sumerian and Akkadian as well as in Babylonian and Old Egyptian contemporary forms. Thus in Genesis, c. XLI, the seven kine fed on the Achu, a vetch which grew only in Egypt beside the Nile at its first overflowings; the names, Ab-rek, an Egyptian word ("Come, rejoice thou;") and *Zaf-nt-pa-anch*, Old Egyptian for "food of the living (life, world)" —all these are signs of the extreme antiquity of these records. The same is true of the Book of Daniel. For example, the Greek names of musical instruments in chapter III reproduce the Greek sounds of the musical instruments which Nebuchadnezzar's "Ionian" mercenaries brought from their Greek home and used at Babylon. There they not only constructed Greek peristyles for his palace, but cut in cameo the exact likeness of Nebuchadnezzar's profile! (Boutflower's "In and Around the Book of Daniel," S.P.C.K., 1923.)

Now if these data are actually contemporaneous are they historically accurate? And, if so, how can the so-called "miraculous" elements in the narratives be accounted for? It is at this point that Science has so triumphantly vindicated "Tradition." In what sense were they "miraculous" and, therefore, proofs of supernatural intervention? Calvin thus defines a miracle in his Commentary on Jonah, c. IV:

> God approaches Nature when He does any thing beyond Nature. This is indeed not always the case. But generally we find that God so works as that He rarely exceeds the measure of Nature and yet from Nature does not wholly depart. (Calvin *apud* Speaker's *Commentary*, Jonah IV, 6.)

Dean Milman came to the same conclusion:

> To draw the line between the providential and the strictly miraculous appears to me not only presumptuous but simply

> impossible. It implies an absolute knowledge of all the workings of natural causes. . . . In the passage of the Red Sea the "east wind," which "the Lord caused to blow" and threw back the waters, was in itself probably no rare phenomenon. But its occurrence at that perilous moment, . . . the calculation upon its coming . . . by Moses, would raise it, if we may so say, from the providential to the miraculous. Yet in either case God is not less God. His rule is not less omnipotent whether His power be more remotely or more immediately displayed. . . . The palmary miracle of all, the Resurrection, stands entirely by itself. (Milman, *History of the Jews*, Pref. to ed. 1863.)

With these precautions let us enter the field of enquiry concerning the miraculous phenomena of the Bible.

The book of Genesis overtly incorporates under the title of *tol'doth* ("generations") no less than eleven separate contemporaneous documents into its continuous narrative. The fragment on Noah's Flood proves that "the world" overflowed was the world only of Noah's day confined to the plains of Chaldea and Mesopotamia, just as S. Luke speaks of "the world" of Augustus Cæsar's day which "went to be taxed" (registered). It was the present Professor of Assyriology at Oxford who discovered in 1928 the water-line of Noah's Flood. Again, Sodom was blown up by lightning which touched and exploded the "bitumen wells" (A.V. "slime pits") in the neighbourhood, as Tacitus had already conjectured (*Hist.* bk. V, c. vii). In the overthrow, which affected "the salt-pits of Siddim" near by, Lot's wife, by lingering too long near her home, was herself encrusted by the salt. Again, the crossing of the Red Sea at a northern point above Suez, where the waters were driven by an east wind, has often been performed on a smaller scale. Carsten Niebuhr, father of the Roman historian, did it on a camel with the water rising only to its knees. Napoleon, and more recently Naville, were at the same spot so suddenly surrounded by the unexpected return of the waters as to barely escape drowning. But on the occasion of Israel's crossing most remarkable of all was the

timely appearance of " the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night." This electrical phenomenon, sheathed in a cloud and consisting of a moving storm-*cumulus* with a torpedo at bottom that issues in rain, has been seen and described by the present Governor of Sinai in his book, " Yesterday and To-day in Sinai." It is, he writes, a perfectly accurate description by a local expert. The same writer thus describes the smiting of the Rock at Rephidim (*Wady Feiran*) :

> At Rephidim . . . some of the Camel Corps . . . were digging . . . to obtain water. The colour-sergeant . . . seizing a shovel . . . began to dig with great vigour. . . . One of his lusty blows hit the Rock, when the polished hard face that forms on the weathered limestone cracked and fell away, and out of the porous Rock came a great gush of clear water. . . . These Soudanese Camel Corps . . . hailed their N.C.O. with shouts of " What ho! Prophet Moses! " (Major Jarvis, " The 40 Years' Wanderings " in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Feb. 1931, pp. 187–203.)

More remarkable still is the present fall of manna in Zululand after a long famine, where the size and colour and taste of the manna exactly recalled to the analysts at Johannesburg the manna of Exodus, c. xvi. But from where it came is still a mystery (*Morning Post*, March 29, 1932). The crossing of the Jordan at Jericho was found by Garstang to be due to the melting of the snows on Hermon hurrying the river past its banks till (as in A.D. 1257 and 1927) it carried away one of its own banks, thus creating a natural dam till the water was able again to resume its course. This on each occasion occurred at the same spot, Adam, now *El Damieh*! Garstang has also found that the wall of Jericho was undermined in Joshua's day (1400 B.C.) by tremors of an earthquake, specially noticeable in that region (pp. 144, 404). M. Buffon in his famous " Histoire Naturelle " (*s.v.* " corbeau ") thus explains, after a visit from Bruce, the celebrated traveller, the habits of the raven, which fed Elijah " with bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening." The bird takes its solitary flights every morning and evening at the same hours, storing its favourite food—bread off platters on

the heads of natives or from houses with open windows as well as grouse and hare—in hollow trees or stone. Elijah took advantage of his knowledge of the habits of the bird.

Joshua's sun "standing still" for "nearly a whole day" is a miracle that has caused unnecessary difficulty. The Hebrews use two words for Sun—the "orb" and the "sun-shine." The latter is the word here employed, while the word rendered "stand still" is elsewhere generally rendered "wait." The "sun-shine" was thus prolonged ("waited") after the orb had descended below the horizon, to enable Joshua to see his way over the lime cliffs in pursuit of the Kings of Canaan. This apparent prolongation of daylight is three times mentioned in Homer. Again, as regards the "return of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz ten degrees" in the days of Isaiah. A similar phenomenon was witnessed by Prior Rumbold at Metz on March 27, in 1703. His dial exhibited a return of the shadow by one hour and a half owing to an intercepting mist breaking the sun's ray and causing the phenomenon.

We may close with the discovery of the Egyptian astronomical hieroglyphs discovered and preserved from 17 B.C. to A.D. 10, thus covering the period of Christ's birth.

> This contemporary chart records the conjugation of Jupiter with Saturn in Aries. And it also records that several other such conjugations took place in Aries . . . and that one of these periods began on the 15th of April, 6 B.C., and that Jupiter became stationary and stood in Aries on the 27th of December in the same year. (Elwood Worcester, *Allies of Religion*, p. 152 : Skeffington, 1929.)

That date gives us two years for the Wise Men's journey before some meteor-like apparition conducted them to the actual house of the Infant Messiah. Thus there is an initial harmony in the records of Scripture and Science. And the Bible records evince their accuracy by that combination of the natural and supernatural, which ultimately culminated in the coming into this world of the Son of God, both God and Man.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

FOR the first time for many months it is possible to say that a definite step forward has been taken in the direction of creating an atmosphere of peace in Europe. I refer to the Four Power Pact. This document makes no appeal to principles described as fundamental, and it does not profess to have created a new heaven and earth. All it does is to provide that in certain circumstances the four Great Powers of Europe, that is to say Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany, shall take counsel together as to the best policy to pursue. If this appears but a modest document compared with many that have been signed since the war, it is in its moderation and relatively limited scope that lies its chance of being really effective.

It is quite useless to keep on signing agreements never to resort to war as an instrument of policy, and to threaten all sorts of pains and penalties against those who take up arms, if you cannot do anything when the moment comes to act. In spite of all the admonitions of the League Japan fought China, and Bolivia is fighting Paraguay. By undertaking what it could never perform Geneva has merely made itself look ridiculous. The Four Power Pact, on the other hand, is severely practical, and there is nothing ambiguous about its phraseology or its intentions. In spite of the many alterations in the original draft the final wording clearly betrays the hand of Signor Mussolini in every line.

The Text of the Pact

THE preamble stresses the fact that the four Powers have no intention of riding roughshod over other nations, and it declares that they are "mindful of the rights of every State, which cannot be affected without the consent of the interested party." Article I says that their co-operation will be "within the framework of the League of Nations." Article II is more important, for

it expresses the intention of the parties concerned to examine between themselves " all proposals relating to methods and procedure calculated to give due effect " to certain articles in the Covenant of the League.

Among these Articles is Article 19, which runs as follows: " The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world." This means that the signatories of the Pact are committed to a consideration of the revision of the Peace Treaties, and that this question is now going to be faced. This is an immense gain, for revision is inevitable sooner or later, but until now there has not appeared to be any way of effecting it save by war. It may even yet be found that there is no solution but the sword. What the Pact does is to ensure that if recourse is to be had to force, it shall be in the last, not in the first, resort.

The Disarmament Conference

ARTICLE III of the Pact defines the attitude of the four Powers in the event of the breakdown of the Disarmament Conference when " they reserve the right to re-examine these questions between themselves under the present agreement with a view to ensuring their solution through the appropriate channels." In non-diplomatic language this is to be interpreted as meaning that when the windbags at the Disarmament Conference have become finally deflated the representatives of the four Great European Powers will get together, and try to do something. The advantage of a committee of four over one of sixty is obvious.

Article IV, if in rather more guarded language (for it would hardly have been tactful to treat a *fœtus* as a potential corpse), foreshadows the same procedure in respect of the Economic Conference, while Article V states that " the present agreement is concluded for a

period of ten years from the date of its entry into force." Some criticism has been roused owing to the shortness of this period, but it proved impossible to secure agreement on any longer one. Ten years is a sufficient breathing-space, and it is better to secure a written promise for a decade, than to pay lip-service to the idea of perpetual peace. Moreover, if none of the parties announces its intention of withdrawing from the agreement the latter is to remain in force after the ten years have expired.

The Future Outlook

THE ENGLISH REVIEW has for a considerable time held strongly to the opinion that the peace of Europe could only be assured, not by insistence upon the Geneva fiction that all nations are equal, but by an agreement between Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany to consult together on matters that are of common interest to them. This was the method by which Metternich enabled the Continent to recover from the struggle against the French Revolution and Napoleon. The Four Power Pact presages a return to that old diplomatic order which was European, and not purely nationalist, in its outlook, and for this reason it is specially welcome.

It is true that there are many critics, by no means all of them in France and the countries of the Little Entente, who maintain that the German assent means nothing, and was merely given to gain time. It is early days to question motives, and surely it is something to have the Nazi promise to abstain from external aggression for ten years? Germany will hesitate before again treating international obligations as "scraps of paper," and the one child whom it is safe to put near the fire is that which has been burned.

The German Enigma

THE passing of another month has done little to clarify the German situation, and the future is still

obscure. If we could be sure where the real power in the Reich resided we should be in a better position to prophesy, but that fact is no more certain than any other. Von Papen makes a provocative speech, which is promptly repudiated by Hitler in another (written for him in Rome, it is said) which is a model of discretion, but the two men continue to sit in the same Cabinet. Nothing could be more diplomatic than the Nazi handling of the very difficult situation in Danzig, nothing more offensive than the Nazi behaviour towards Austria. Pre-war Germany was also in the habit of speaking with two voices, and the parallel is not reassuring.

In domestic affairs it is the same. Prince Philip of Hesse, the son-in-law of the King of Italy, has been appointed *Statthälter* of Hesse-Nassau, a concession to local patriotism that is very popular. Within a few days the Nazis in Catholic Munich are allowed, if not actually encouraged, to commit a series of assaults upon a number of unoffending people attending a Catholic conference. The effect of this, from the Nazi point of view, upon Bavarian opinion has been disastrous, and it has also stiffened Austrian resistance to incorporation in the Reich.

The Danger of Materialism

WHAT is especially to be feared is a further "uprooting of the German mind for the benefit of the German Empire," which Nietzsche so strongly condemned sixty years ago. In religious matters, in particular, the policy of the Nazis is clearly an extreme Erastianism, and no effort is spared to make the Church a mere department of the State. A recent example of this has occurred in the case of the German Evangelical Church, which has lately been formed out of the regional Lutheran and Reformed Churches. This body is now engaged in a serious conflict with the authorities because it insisted upon the independence of the Church by refusing to

elect as its Primate the nominee of the Nazi "German Christian Movement."

In education the tendency is the same. Speaking in Berlin a few weeks ago Dr. Frick, the Minister of the Interior, said that the task of the new regime in matters of culture was not only to clear away the lumber of the past fourteen years, but also to correct the mistaken cultural policy reaching far back into pre-war years. Liberal ideas in education had thoroughly corrupted instructional methods and the schools. Under their sway the schools had not reared, but merely developed, their pupils. They had not formed the German rooted in the people and bound to the State, but had merely served the education of the free individual. They had not ensured the unity of the nation and the devotion of its members to the State, but had promoted the victory of private interests over the State. These individualist conceptions of education had done much to destroy the national life.

If this means that in future the youth of Germany are to be brought up as good citizens, then there is nothing in Dr. Frick's remarks to which exception can be taken. On the other hand, if religion is only to reach the young through a State department, and the purely spiritual side of education is to be ignored, the outlook will be black.

Belgian Common Sense

WHILE her neighbours are indulging in excesses of various kinds, Belgium is setting her house in order with that quiet common sense which distinguishes her people, but for which they never receive sufficient credit from the rest of the world. The Parliamentary system in that country has been making heavy weather for some time past, but as there was no potential dictator available it was decided to grant dictatorial powers to the Government for a period of three months. A Bill

for this purpose was accordingly passed by the Chamber and Senate in the middle of May, and received the King's consent.

Democracy in Belgium, as elsewhere, had been recklessly extravagant, and the new regime has been chiefly concerned with putting the national finances on a sound footing. So far the State expenses have been reduced by £6,660,000, and the only fresh taxation imposed has been the raising of the emergency extra tax on earned income, adopted ten months ago, by ½ per cent. For the rest, State salaries have been cut by 5 per cent., but where a man holds two salaried State appointments, or in the case of a husband and wife both so employed, the second salary is reduced respectively by 50 per cent. and 25 per cent. Unemployment pay granted by the State has not been altered, but certain extra benefits are now abolished, and in their place a new unemployment fund has been created to which provinces and communes are invited to contribute. In this connection the recipients of relief are required to do some work in return.

The Belgian experiment will be regarded with the closest attention abroad, and not least in Great Britain. In these circumstances it is to be regretted that the absence of the sensational in the recent developments in Belgium has caused them to be almost completely ignored by the British Press.

The Miralles Brothers

MENTION has several times been made in these pages of the imprisonment of the brothers Miralles by the Spanish Government, and now that they have been released it is instructive to recapitulate their story as an example of the sort of justice that may be expected in republican Spain. The Miralles brothers, three boys of between nineteen and twenty-three years of age, were arrested in Madrid during the month of May 1931, a

few weeks after the Republic was proclaimed. Two of them were arrested on May 11, after the disturbance which led to the burning of convents all over Spain, and which originated in a riot " framed " by extremists who were incensed because a number of Monarchists were holding a peaceful meeting, behind closed doors and in a private club, with due permission from the authorities. The third brother was arrested a few days later. All three were charged with having shot and murdered a man opposite the " *ABC* " building in the Calle Serrano, which is situated about a mile from the scene of other disturbances at the doors of the Royalist Club, at 5 p.m. on the afternoon of May 11.

At the time that the tragedy occurred, two of the brothers, together with at least fifty other people, were inside the Monarchist Club; the third was with friends at El Pardo, a country spot some 10 miles from Madrid. It is therefore difficult to imagine how any of them could have shot the unfortunate man, but, nevertheless, on this charge, they were detained at the Carcel Modelo until the end of May 1933, without having been brought before a magistrate. A particularly cruel point in the case was that the boys were not allowed to continue their studies or take their examinations, which will greatly handicap them in the future. They were finally tried in the third week of May 1933. The proceedings were distinguished by the fact that not a shred of evidence was produced by the accusation against any of the three brothers. It was revealed that they had been detained after a fellow-student, who had some sort of grudge against them, had accused them of shooting the victim of the Calle Serrano affair. The trial was quite fair, but the President of the Court could not restrain the public from applauding when anything favourable to the accused was said, and when the verdict was announced there was a storm of applause. The boys, one of whom was defended by Señor Goicoechea, the Royalist leader, were immediately set free.

A Book to Read

THE second volume of the "Souvenirs de Charles Benoist" (Librairie Plon, 36 frcs.) has just made its appearance, and no higher praise can be bestowed upon it than to say that it is the equal of its predecessor, both in interest and in importance. On the present occasion M. Benoist covers the period 1894–1902, and during that time he was a critical observer of events in Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, and Austria-Hungary. As this was the era during which the storm of later years was gathering, a careful perusal of this illuminating work is essential to a knowledge of the causes of the war.

Perhaps M. Benoist is at his best in the two chapters which he devotes to Spain. The Spanish character has never been so well summed up as in the sentence, *L'Espagne est une nation trop chevaleresque pour n'être pas une nation peu politique;* a reflection prompted by a remark made to him by Castelar, of whom, incidentally, these pages contain a very intimate account. He also quotes that statesman as saying that had King Alfonso XII lived longer there would have been a revolution, because the monarch *se mêlait de tout, tranchait sur tout, un peu comme l'Empereur allemand. Il était un peu casse-cou.* All of which gives one furiously to think of the fate which has overtaken his son. M. Benoist has nothing but praise for the Regent, Queen Maria Cristina, and he pays a deserved tribute to the work of that very remarkable woman. This volume of M. Benoist's "Souvenirs" is, like the first, a real contribution to modern history.

A Countryman's Diary.

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

May 16th.

THERE has been thunder rumbling all around the downs to-day, but we have had no rain, although a few miles south of us there was a heavy storm. I could wish for one more good soak before haymaking. Last Sunday some Norfolk friends called on me, and in company with a neighbour, I took them round some farms in this district. They agreed that the best job for this part of the country was grass, as our land here will only grow wheat satisfactorily after repeated folding of hurdled sheep over the arable land. It is a pity, to my mind, that the fact that successful wheat-growing in this country depends mainly on a profitable animal husbandry is not pointed out to our town voters by the politicians. Up to date the townsman has been taught to think no further than wheat in connection with farming matters. Grain may be the outward and visible sign in our farming, but livestock is, has been, and will continue to be the inward monetary grace.

May 19th.

Drove up into the middle of the wood this morning as I wanted to see the keeper about something. I found him busy with the hens, which are sitting on the pheasants' eggs. He took 120 out of a range of nesting boxes, and tied them in rotation to sticks stuck into the ground about two feet apart each way. They stayed out about a quarter of an hour to feed and drink. It was a curious sight to see so many hens each tied to a stick like a dog. Keepering is hard work all the year round, and especially hard at this season, being literally from daylight until dark. Still, a more beautiful or more peaceful setting for one's daily toil would be hard to find, for in the middle of that wood no sound of the outside world penetrates save the faint rumble of the trains in the valley three miles away, and the whole

wood is a lovely green sanctuary just now for man, bird, or beast.

May 22nd.

Haymaking is drawing rapidly nearer each day we have like to-day—hot blazing sun from early morning until well after tea. The cocksfoot especially is coming quickly into head. If the weather holds I shall cut this in a week's time, for old cocksfoot makes almost valueless hay.

May 24th.

Went up to town by the first train to broadcast, and this done, I went straight down to the Bath and West Show at Wimbledon. One show is very like another, but each year one is forced to realize the increasing use of mechanical devices in our home farming. Both the farmer and the agricultural labourer need to be fairly competent mechanics in these days, and I, for one, appreciate how quick the farm labourer is to learn the use of modern implements. One piece of information I gathered at the show was that Russia has been buying cargoes of Manitoba wheats. Does this mean that the State organization of farming in that country has failed, or have I been listening to a fairy tale? In any case, I am certain that any control of farming in any country which does not provide for individualism is bound to fail. In farming, more perhaps than in any other industry, the quality of the individual is the deciding factor between success and failure.

May 25th.

I have been thinking quite a lot about a remark made to me by a farmer at the show yesterday. He said, " What's the good of farming well nowadays? No man is going to sweat for no pay while trying to make some poor land better. What a farmer is looking for under to-day's conditions is some good land in order to make it bad." That sounds horrible, but it is perfectly

true. I commend its consideration to the advocates of a grain policy for this country. The Wheat Quota is definitely asking farmers to rob the land of its fertility, while a livestock policy would encourage them to improve the fertility of their soil.

May 27th.

A steady rain here all day. Rain on a Saturday is seldom popular, and this has come too late to do much good to the hay crop, while it has definitely stopped cricket and similar outdoor interests. I hear that there is some talk of an Oat Scheme under the Marketing Bill, and I cannot help asking myself "Why?" Do the majority of British farmers wish for dearer oats? Oats are a feeding-stuff for all stock, and when I think of the horses used in farming all over the country it seems to me that for the British farmers to ask for dearer oats is idiotic. Why don't they petition the Government to increase the price of oil and petrol?

May 30th.

Started cutting the cocksfoot mixture to-day. On looking back over this diary I see that I made a resolution to cut it on May 15th, but how often are New Year resolutions kept? The power-drive mower has run well, which is pleasing as this is its fourth season. My dairyman milked his sixty cows this morning, and cut twenty acres of grass by 8 p.m., as I was able to get the afternoon milking done by the lad and my pupil. There is a very light cut of hay generally in this district, so I hope that the Clerk of the Weather will permit us to make it well.

June 1st.

The weather still looks thundery and unsettled, so we have stopped cutting. The forty acres we have down appears to be a sufficiently big gamble until over the week-end. We got out the Chrysler two-seater to-day, manhandled it across the road to the cut field, and

fitted on the hay sweep to the dumb irons. The starter battery has been in the keeping of the local garage all the winter; we sent for it, replaced it, and started up the car. She ran perfectly. It does seem a shame to put her at haymaking, but needs must when the devil, or, rather, world economic conditions drive.

June 4th.

The hottest day in this country for 33 years. I made a tour of all my mowing fields after tea. A day like to-day ripens mowing grass more than a week of average weather. The crop is light, but it will get no better, so I decided to get on with the cutting to-morrow.

June 5th.

Whit Monday, and another gorgeous day for holiday-makers. My dairyman knocked down a 22-acre field to-day, and I had last week's cutting raked, and the elevator set in position. I have taken on four strappers for the haymaking. Having been caught badly in previous years, I tried to get men who are not eligible for the dole. One season, after a wet early part of a week, I had a field of hay fit to pick up on the Saturday about 11 a.m. I had found wet-weather jobs such as hedge trimming for the strappers all the week, and I had the greatest difficulty to get them to work at overtime rates on the Saturday afternoon. One of them refused, and went off. He returned on the Monday at 7 a.m. expecting to go to work, and I had to tell him that I did not require him any longer. He was able to retire gracefully back on to the dole. Apparently all overtime work was at his option. I make no comment as to the right or wrong of this—my business is to farm and to get my hay carried—but I am not to be caught twice in the same fashion.

June 6th.

The dairyman is cutting, and the rest of us are carrying, fast and furious, while the sun blazes down

unmercifully. The car-sweep answers admirably. I have been driving it and so has my pupil. It is not often that the men approve immediately of a new implement, but they are unanimous in praise of this one. They like it because it brings in much smaller loads than the tractor-sweep, which means that it is easier work pitching the hay into the elevator. I prefer it for the same reason, as its method of little and often means that more hay is ricked in a given time by the same staff.

June 7th.

Still carrying hay. My old rickmaker approves of the car-sweep. Going home this evening he was moved to speak about it to me. "I've a zeed you do a main vew zilly things on thease varm," he said, "but that job's right. There's no answer to un. Thee best gie I thic tractor-sweep fer vire'ood." Despite this advice, I shall keep the tractor-sweep as a standby in case of a break-down. After all, cars were not intended for this work, and bumping over furrows must be bad for back axles, and for this reason I should advise any farmer to choose a car for this work for which spare parts can be immediately procured.

June 8th.

The dairyman is chasing the effect of the blazing sun on the standing grass with the mower, while the rest of us are chasing him up with the carrying. I tested the amount of petrol and oil used by the car to-day. It ran continuously save for meal times from 9.30 a.m. until 8 p.m. It uses a gallon of petrol per hour, three quarts of lubricating oil in the day, and water, oh, any amount as the hot weather and the work made her boil most of the time.

June 10th.

Knocked off carrying to-night about 6 p.m. as we had by then finished all the hay which was fit to rick.

I expect to-day's rick will get a trifle warm, as part of the field was only cut on Thursday. In five days this week we have carried over 90 acres, and the car-sweep has done the lot. Properly handled it will do the work of two double-handed sets of pitchers, to say nothing of obviating the work of pooking or cocking the hay.

June 11th.

Rain last night, and another sharp shower to-day. The glass is dropping back, but it does not look like rain to me. Still, I'm glad I snatched up that last field yesterday, even though it was a trifle quick after cutting.

June 12th.

No carrying to-day so the men are finishing the beet hoeing. Saturday's rick has gone down what the rick-maker calls "smartish," and I rather think we shall have trouble with it. Still, who cares? "The man who never made a hot rick never made any good hay." That is the best axiom in haymaking that I know.

June 13th.

On carrying once more. When the sun is helping, you must keep pace with him or he will do you more harm than good. I would just as soon feed straw as hay which has had all the goodness bleached out of it by the sun. Also, when you have a light cut such as this season's, you want to try and make it of as high feeding value as possible.

June 15th.

The dairyman has finished cutting, 160 acres in all, and if this weather holds, we shall finish carrying this week. Never have I known a hay harvest go so quickly or so "suent," and for this last I give public thanks to the car-sweep. It is, without exception, the best tool I have ever had in a hayfield.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by **HERBERT AGAR**

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Literary Notes

By Herbert Agar

Baudelaire

MISS ENID STARKIE'S "Baudelaire" (Gollancz) is an admirable book. It makes the truth about Baudelaire available, at last, for the English-speaking world. With patience and in detail it destroys the silly legend of Baudelaire as Satanist, as voluptuary, as romantic cynic. This legend died twenty years ago in France: it is time for it to die even in England.

"Baudelaire," said Paul Claudel, "a chanté la seule passion que le dix-neuvième siècle pût éprouver avec sincérité, le remords." He is the poet of the modern world-city, of the cosmopolis which sets the tone for our civilization—possibly he is the last great poet of the Western world. In every culture-cycle there is seen the

AN ABSOLUTELY TRUE STORY

I lately met a Great Man, a man of unusual acumen, whose name is in the papers every day. He was so much struck by the idea of his income trebled and guaranteed for life that within a week he wrote:—

"Conversion has converted me. Make me a £10,000 proposal for an Annuity payable to my wife during her life and afterwards to me if I survive her."

If you wish to take a holiday from all Income Anxieties and live a happier and longer life, you still have a chance to do as he did. Safety? One of the largest Insurance Offices in the world. £44,000,000 Assets.

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conflict between man's instinctive faith that life has meaning and purpose, and his nihilistic mind which assures him that it has neither. As the culture ages, the conscious criticism triumphs over the instinct. The mid-nineteenth century marked the crisis of that triumph in the civilization of the West. From that time onward we were committed to becoming steadily more practical, more self-analytical, more urbane, and more desolate of heart. Baudelaire's artistic maturity came just at that crisis. With the heart of a poet born when the world still had unquestioned meaning, he had the mind of a poet born in the twentieth century. And his mind tormented his heart, and his heart would never let his mind be content with a tawdry, earth-bound set of values. The result of this struggle was discord and an over-mastering sense of guilt. His fleshly poems are a Dantesque picture of the treacherous beauty and the

pain of worldliness; his spiritual poems are a lament that man can no longer attain peace. It is astonishing that there have been people who could read Baudelaire and believe that he was praising the life of the senses and glorifying evil, that he was just another Byronic Satanist.

> Dans ton île, ô Venus! je n'ai trouvé debout
> Qu'un gibet symbolique où pendait mon image . . .
> —Ah! Seigneur! donnez-moi la force et le courage
> De contempler mon cœur et mon corps sans dégoût!

Baudelaire's Satanism amounts simply to this: he reiterated that one of the great realities of life was sin. "True civilization," he wrote, "does not come from gas, nor steam, nor yet from table-turning; it lies in the diminution of original sin." The meaning of the title, "Les Fleurs du Mal," is made clear in the frontispiece that Baudelaire wished to have designed for his poems: a picture of the seven deadly sins climbing and strangling the tree of knowledge and goodness. "Many of his poems," writes Miss Starkie, "even those which aroused most hostility, would make perfectly orthodox sermons in the best tradition of the Church, in the tradition of Bossuet and Bourdaloue . . . That is the note of the greater part of Baudelaire's work, the pathetic vanity, the hopeless vanity and emptiness of earthly pleasure, the vanity of all which is not eternal." To recognize this vanity, but to be incapable of faith in any definition of the eternal, is the mark of many of the best spirits of the modern world. It is a predicament that breeds pessimism and a sense of failure; it is peculiarly hostile to the spirit of poetry. That a poet of the first class should have experienced and expressed this modern mood is a subject for surprise, and for gratification to those who can enjoy the verse without having endured the suffering that made it possible.

Salesmanship in Publishing

IT is ironical that Miss Starkie's book, which dispels the unclean rubbish that the popular mind associates with

Baudelaire, should be advertized as follows: "His relations with: The Black Venus, Mme. Sabatier, His Mother, etc., etc. Unforgettable scenes: The Trial for Obscenity, The Lecture at Brussels, the Funeral, etc., etc." Such methods of salesmanship are an insult to author and public, and in this case to art and truth as well. The subjects mentioned, to be sure, are all discussed in the book; but it would not be possible to give a more false or more unworthy picture of Miss Starkie's work than by advertising it with phrases about a Black Venus and a Trial for Obscenity. If the publishers were averse to the very thought of a high-minded, accurate book on Baudelaire, it was their privilege to refuse to issue it; but they have no right to produce such a book and then to handle it as if it were the usual soiled nonsense.

Such publishing practices are not merely vulgar and unworthy; in the long run they are deadly in their effect on the book trade. When a good book (such as "Baudelaire") is made out to be shady, when a commonplace attempt at a popular novel (such as Dr. Cronin's "Grand Canary") is made out to be a masterpiece, when some of the reviewers are publishers' readers and others are glad to give any book a good "quote" for the fun of seeing their own names in print—what is the book-buying public to do? What it does do is to become more and more wary of buying modern books. Publishing is not a trade which can afford to adopt the methods of patent-medicine salesmanship.

Versailles

MR. HAROLD NICOLSON'S "Peacemaking, 1919" (Constable), is a gratifying attack on post-war diplomacy. By telling the story of the Peace Conference as seen by one of its junior members, and by telling it in a sympathetic and unsensational fashion, Mr. Nicolson prepares the way for a lethal indictment of "Diplomacy by Conference."

"The essential of good diplomacy," he writes, "is

precision. The main enemy to good diplomacy is imprecision. It is for this reason that I have endeavoured in this book to convey an impression of the horrors of vagueness. The old diplomacy may have possessed grave faults. Yet they were venal in comparison to the menaces which confront the new diplomacy. These menaces can be defined under two separate headings. The first is open versus secret diplomacy. In other words, a democratic versus an expert conduct of international affairs. Amateurishness, in all such matters, leads to improvization. Openness, in all such matters, leads to imprecision. The second menace is that implicit in the expression 'Diplomacy by Conference.' Nothing could be more fatal than the habit . . . of personal contact between the Statesmen of the World . . . Locarno, not to mention Thoiry, should have convinced us of the desirability of keeping our statesmen segregated, immune and mutually detached. This is no mere paradox. Diplomacy is the art of negotiating *documents* in a ratifiable and, therefore, dependable form. It is by no means the art of conversation. The affability inseparable from any conversation between Foreign Ministers produces allusiveness, compromises, and high intentions. Diplomacy, if it is ever to be effective, should be a disagreeable business. And recorded in hard print."

Miscellaneous

MR. A. E. HOUSMAN could not write dully or unprofitably on the subject of poetry. Nevertheless, his Leslie Stephen lecture, "The Name and Nature of Poetry" (Cambridge Press), is important chiefly as the revelation of a delightful mind and as an incitation to the pleasures of art. No one who cares for poetry should miss this charming pamphlet; but no one who cares for philosophy will be much moved by its æsthetic dicta.

Anyone who wishes to think creatively about the social and economic problems of the day will find important mental stimulus in Major C. H. Douglas's "Social

Credit." This has just been reissued in a new revised and enlarged edition (Eyre and Spottiswoode). The book is a genuine contribution to thought, and should not be ignored. "Money, Gold, Silver and Paper," by Francis W. Hirst (Scribners), is a brief and readable history of the subject which should help the average reader to follow the tergiversations of the Economic Conference.

"Knockmaroon," by W. M. Letts (John Murray), is a book of great charm. It is a reticent and rather impersonal autobiography, with far more about the Irish countryside than about the author herself. It is sentimental, quiet, pleasing, and full of good stories about the Irish.

Adventures of Ideas

ADVENTURES OF IDEAS. By ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD. (Cambridge: at the University Press, 1933; pp. III, 381.)

PROFESSOR WHITEHEAD'S style procures readers and admirers by the very quality that makes them suffer (no other word will at all do justice to their tribulations) and that intensifies this suffering in the exact measure of their devotion; for their devotion makes them try to understand. "You will never be impressive," said William James to a younger philosopher, "you are too clear." The charge cannot be brought against Dr. Whitehead. This is certainly not because lucidity is beyond him; in this very book are a few pages that are models of clear brevity in exposition, some of them on the most perplexing topics. No, it is not inability, it is instinctive preference. His temperament seems to demand that the summits of his philosophy shall be wrapped in cloud, and even the vistas down the nearer valleys misty. There is nothing very formidable, said Burke, without a certain obscurity. A clear and simple thought does not appear important and imposing enough,—I mean, to Dr. Whitehead himself; no one could be more sincere

and genuine than he. One watches the movement of his mind with an awful fascination; its uncontrollable tendency, so soon as it touches a topic, to spread, include and involve, rather than pause, scan and clarify. It is bringing together remote things and themes that he enjoys, the cool ranging over the terrifying distances and chasms that separate remote ideas for the poor common mind, that set them quite beyond the pale from each other; it is this and the technical vocabulary of science (and of Dr. Whitehead) which seems to handle and connect creation wholesale with possessive ease. His mind has many tentacles and emits an inky fog, and the adventures of the ideas that fall into its clutches may be by no means comfortable or safe. If we insist on studying his intractable sentences to the bottom, we find them sometimes to contain quite familiar thoughts. It is the instinctive, transforming style of his mind and imagination that at once lays a spell upon us and tortures us,—with an affliction that may be called whiteheadache.

He appears as a systematic philosopher on the most inclusive scale, but it may be suggested that in reality he is something that in the present state of philosophy is as good or better than this; that, outside mathematics, he is a gifted essayist, imaginative and romantic, on philosophic subjects, who throws out striking remarks, leads us to commanding points of view, and suggests syntheses which he does not in detail carry out. It is, outside mathematics, the striking remarks and the commanding points of view (as so often happens) that are valuable, not the system of philosophy with all its technicalities, so needless, so inadequately explained in relation to our experience, so obstructive,—not the system of philosophy with its appalling pedantry. The former are the reality, the latter is the illusion. When we work below the surface of his philosophy, we find the arbitrary assumptions on which it is based, the unclear conceptions by which it operates, the tokens that it has not thoroughly learned the lessons of modern philosophy.

The present volume is a specimen of such striking and suggestive essays, and also, not very congruously, of such systematic philosophy. In the former, we are taken into a vast historical world and made to feel its dimensions and its movement. Facts of history are strikingly and valuably selected and grouped. The subject is " the effect of certain ideas in promoting the slow drift of mankind toward civilization. This is the adventure of ideas in the history of mankind." Another meaning of the title relates to " the author's adventure in framing a speculative scheme of ideas which shall be explanatory of the historical adventure "; this is Dr. Whitehead's system. The influence exerted by the Platonic and christian idea of the individual soul upon the growth of liberty, the power that lies in the Platonic conception of the Eros, " the soul stirring itself to life and motion," and urging toward perfection, the importance of Plato's final conviction that the divine element in the world is to be conceived as a persuasive and not as a coercive agency, these are amongst the chief topics. Thefinal topic is " those essential qualities, whose joint realization in social life constitute civilization." A moderate number of penetrating remarks, were there space here, could be quoted; some of them, as in the chapter on The New Reformation, invaluable, such that one reader at least has already repeatedly returned to them. If asked what is the contribution of the book we should have to say, chiefly these penetrating remarks—which we must find in the bulk of less rewarding matter in which they are set. If asked its defect: It is nebulous; nebulous in general design and purpose, nebulous in method, nebulous in its conclusions, nebulous on many pages even as to its subject, just what it is talking about. The preliminaries, the apparatus, the wide and justly impressive reach of allusion are so much greater than the positive output. The author's reading, his breadth of culture, are astonishing, but they are not here subdued to a definite task. His humanity and idealism are un-

mistakably felt, but, in the cause of those very interests, we desire of our leaders a more definite leading and of our sages a more focussed light. Grateful for his profound suggestions, our last words to him must yet be those of Matthew Arnold: "The men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time [though their ideas may, like Dr. Whitehead's, be self-produced]; who have laboured to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time." R. E. HOBART.

Ruskin

JOHN RUSKIN. By R. H. WILENSKI. (Faber & Faber, 15s.)

MR. WILENSKI has written a brilliant and an extraordinarily thorough study of the relation between Ruskin's writings and his life. In his Preface he tells us that he acquired the habit some years ago of referring to Ruskin on various topics, that Ruskin's views seemed to him sometimes capricious, parochial, or even unbelievably silly, and at other times profound and imaginative, that these variations in quality were often juxtaposed on the same page, and that, in order to disentangle what was valuable from what was worthless, he set to work on a thorough collation of Ruskin's writings with the circumstances of his life and his mental state from year to year.

The conclusion which he came to, and which in its latter half he has illustrated with an unusually keen eye for significant details, was that Ruskin was not only a great man and a genius, but also a mental invalid all his life. His malady was what is known as manic-depression, that is, an alternation between excessive

self-confidence and morbid depression. At one of these extremes he was filled with messianic delusions, and other symptoms of a desire for universal power. In 1875, for example, he wrote: "And what am I, myself then, infirm and old, who take, or claim, leadership even of these lords? God forbid that I should claim it; it is thrust and compelled on me—utterly against my will, utterly to my distress, utterly, in many things, to my shame. But I have found no other man in Europe, ready to receive it,—or even desiring to make himself capable of receiving it. Such as I am, to my own amazement, I stand—so far as I can discern—alone in conviction, in hope, and in resolution, in the wilderness of this modern world."

An intense irritability, always masked in moral indignation, was another symptom of his exaltation of himself. This saviour of mankind writes of two American girls, who were suffering from the heat on a railway journey in Italy, that they "moaned and fidgeted and frowned and puffed and stretched and fanned, and ate lemons, and smelt bottles . . . and had no one thought or feeling during five hours of travelling in the most noble part of the world, except what . . . poor beasts would have had, in their den in a menagerie." Nor was he more charitable about the inhabitants of the most noble part of the world. They are sunk beneath all sympathy, he says, and have become detestable, down to the very children. His griffins, as he calls the griffins on Verona Cathedral, are ridden on by the vilest wretches of aped-faced children that ever were left to find the broad way to Hades without so much as blinker, let alone bridle.

When he swung to the other extreme, his egotism was equally maniacal. His delight in nature having left him, he concluded that natural beauty had ceased to exist. The sun, he believed, no longer shone with the same brilliance, and the skies had lost their radiance. In "Fors Clavigera" he refers to a cloud which had recently made its appearance, and which looked as if

it were made of dead men's souls; and he draws attention to a black plague-wind, which had darkened the spring for five years, veiling all the hills with sullen colour.

That he had been specially singled out for affliction was proved to him, when he was nearly sixty, by the fact that his father, mother, and nurse were all dead. "I have no home . . .," he wrote, "because my father, and mother and nurse are dead." At this date, Mr. Wilenski points out, Ruskin had three homes—Brantwood, Corpus Christi, and his rooms at Herne Hill.

When he was not at either of these extremes, he is shown by Mr. Wilenski to have been exceptionally vain and self-indulgent. He wore eccentric blue stocks, to match his eyes, he went to the most fashionable tailor of the day, and he travelled the Continent with a courier and valet; and though he gave generous financial assistance to Rossetti, he expected in return to be flattered for his insight as an art critic, and not receiving what he expected wrote: "I do not choose any more to talk to you until you can recognize my superiorities as *I* can yours."

Instead of criticizing life or art from a standpoint reached by steady reflection, he threw out as final judgments whatever the mood of the moment suggested. In his youth he affirmed that chastity and great art were indissolubly connected, but round about forty, when he was suddenly overcome by emotions which he does not seem to have felt in earlier years, he decided that strong and frank Animality marked the strongest intellects. "A good, stout, self-commanding, magnificent Animality is the make for poets and artists, it seems to me." The realization that his own life had not been distinguished by magnificent Animality troubled him, and he wrote to C. E. Norton that he was "seriously and despairingly thinking of going to Paris or Venice and breaking away from all modern society, and doing I don't know what." The "seriously and despairingly," with its suggestion of a baffled prophet testing every means to the fulfilment of his mission, is highly characteristic.

The contemplated orgies did not take place. Instead, he fell in love with a girl of eleven, whose home was in Ireland. When she was not in London, he solaced himself with visits to a girls' school at Winnington. The headmistress was assisted financially by him, and raised no objections when Ruskin, who was over forty, played hide-and-seek with the girls in the attics and empty rooms upstairs.

The weakness of Mr. Wilenski's book is in its attempt to demonstrate that Ruskin was a great man. He had a vein of genius. Twenty pages of valuable remarks on art and economics could be assembled from his writings. But he was essentially weak, spoilt and vain. These qualities were accentuated by his mental instability, they were not created by it. Nietzsche, too, was subject to alternations between self-exaltation and morbid depression, but there was an element of greatness in him, and one has only to place Ruskin by his side to see Ruskin in his true and unimpressive proportions.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

A Christian Omnibus

CHRISTIANITY AND THE CRISIS. Edited by DR. PERCY DEARMER. (Gollancz. 5s.)

THE mostly uncritical and sciolistic "outlines" and "histories" lately published by our popular exponents of a monist Materialism were bound to provoke some sort of reply. By the time when these lines shall have appeared it will be clear that this volume will have found a fair number of readers. Both the Archbishops, some professors, journalists like Sir W. Beach Thomas, Principal Garvie, Miss Maude Royden, and, in a kind of intellectual eminence, Mr. Ellis Roberts are among the thirty-two contributors. An Introduction is followed by three Parts: the present Mess; this contains Mr. Ellis Roberts's admirable paper on "The Confusion in Literature," and the volume is worth its price for this alone; Part Two, a description of Christianity; Part Three, called "The Christian Solution." The book was abundantly needed, was worth publishing on its merits, but is very uneven; and a long essay

would be required to make the, necessarily, very invidious distinctions between such a large group of contributors.

Here we cannot do that. We can do but two useful things: to recommend it warmly, despite stern reservations; and to put, in a few words, the general case against its weak contributors. These, summarily, do not know nor understand their own position which, with the best intentions, they give hopelessly away by appealing for support to the shallow philosophy that they purport to be opposing. Calling themselves Christians, their "thought" and "style" are often steeped in Materialist assumptions, and when some recent scientific assertion can be used to show that they themselves are not benighted noodles, they clutch at it greedily because, presumably, they have no faith in their own creed and have long paid nervous heed to the lightest word of their opponents. The respectable attitude of the present day toward life can be shortly, but accurately, summarized in five words: Materialism with an Anglican (or Nonconformist) veneer.

This intellectually ludicrous "position" is too prominent in *Christianity and the Crisis;* and the apparent success of the book must not stifle the doubt whether some other volumes are not its superior. The best that we have met, so far, are two: *A Companion to Mr. Wells's Outline of History* by Hilaire Belloc (Sheed and Ward), and *God and the Universe*, edited by J. Lewis May (The Bodley Head); and, on a single aspect, *The New Spirit in Literature* by Harold Nicolson (B.B.C. pamphlet). Dr. Dearmer's volume is an indifferent whole with some admirable parts, for the sake of the latter to be recommended.

OSBERT BURDETT.

Back to Human Nature

HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE. By ELIZABETH CAMBRIDGE. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
ONE MORE SPRING. By ROBERT NATHAN. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)
TOPS AND BOTTOMS. By NOEL STREATFEILD. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
PRELUDE TO CALVARY By HUGH KIMBER. (Barker. 7s. 6d.).
AUNT ELIZABETH. By NETTA SYRETT. (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.)

IT is the duty as well as the privilege of people with convictions, to watch themselves closely as they approach middle-age and re-define the terms in which they apply their convictions to external conditions. This is especially true to-day, when people's convictions are usually based on nothing more than a

social philosophy, so that if they allow themselves to get entrenched in the problems and solutions of their youth, they will probably find, as they grow older, that the arena has shifted and they are left in a quiet field hacking at wine casks.

Four of the novels listed above have been hailed as masterpieces, and so I assume that they are modern in their appeal. If this is so, then we need to begin re-defining our definition of modernity, for the points-of-view of these novels are radically different from the nihilistic and petulant post-war attitudes; and the fact that they are appealing to a large public is significant of a change in the popular temper.

This is especially true of "Hostages to Fortune" and "One More Spring." They are both protests—all the more emphatic for being indirect—against materialism; they both affirm those real and abiding satisfactions which sound so trite when they are listed, but which constitute the drama of every private life—love and work, the long struggle to wrench from life either the humdrum necessities of the body or a more exacting subsistence for the soul. The methods of the two authors are, however, opposed. "Hostages to Fortune" is what is called a "faithful" account of a woman's life, from the day that her first child is born to the day when her three children are ready to live their own lives. These seventeen years of Catherine's life involve a constant struggle with three universal illusions—the "right" to happiness, the "right" to wealth, and the "right" to self-expression. Catherine found she had a right to none of these things—only the privilege of abandoning them and living arduously. The greatest sacrifice made by Catherine was giving up writing novels, but I feel sure she eventually wrote "Hostages to Fortune," the moral being that she waited until she had something to say, thereby producing, not a masterpiece, but a good book.

The less the reader knows in advance about "One More Spring" the more fun he will have in reading it. It is conceived and executed from the depths of a truly poetic wisdom, and for all its slightness, it is enchanting and amusing and very moving.

"Tops and Bottoms" is far more readable than either "Hostages to Fortune" or "Prelude to Calvary," partly because it is straightforward story-telling, partly because the first half of the book is a version of the Cinderella story, showing vividly, without sentimentality and with a satisfactory wealth of detail,

the rescue of a child from the most appalling slum conditions. The last half of the book, ironically, but inevitably, puts the child, now grown, back into a cleaner but hardly less tawdry environment. It is a good novel because the characters are so real, and the point of view so intelligent, that the simple story becomes an affirmation of reality as opposed to the recently current cant about "rights."

"Prelude to Calvary" is original and forceful, but it is far from being a good novel. It is original in the same sense that "One More Spring" is original—because the author is a poet and so sees the world with his own eyes and not through borrowed spectacles. It is forceful because the author is on fire to say things about life, but it fails as a novel because he has not in reality said anything, and therefore the incidental poetry and the sustaining fire make the story seem annoyingly pretentious. There is no character in the book who carries any conviction of reality. They all seem either ventriloquist's dummies, perched on the author's knee, or witches' dolls fashioned out of wax simply because Mr. Kimber wants to stick pins in them. All of them are endlessly described and analyzed; none of them is even faintly autonomous. "Prelude to Calvary" combines a savage attack on our civilization with a violent assertion of paganism. But it fails entirely to synchronize the two points of view, and so is only worth reading for its scattered passages of poetry. Its significance, in terms of this review, lies in the deep feeling it gives one of the permanence and importance of the simplicities of life.

Of "Aunt Elizabeth" I can only quote Abraham Lincoln's remark that "anyone who likes this kind of book will find it exactly the kind of book he likes."

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON.

A Political Poet

GRANVILLE THE POLITE. By ELIZABETH HANDASYDE. (Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.)

GEORGE GRANVILLE, Lord Lansdowne, was one of those lesser political lights of the early eighteenth century who are now forgotten, but who, for a brief space, loomed quite large in the eyes of their contemporaries. The friend of Harley and St. John, of Dryden and Pope, he was at once poet, wit, and politician, even

if never in the first flight, though it is to be remembered to his credit that "The Jew of Venice" played to full houses for nearly forty years. Granville could also write an amusing letter when he felt so disposed, as when he wrote to Harley, "We constantly remember you, I can't say in our prayers, for I fear we don't all pray, but in our cups, for we all drink, and when our hearts are most open, your image is most conspicuous."

Miss Handasyde's biography is by no means so interesting as its subject's career. The author is clearly somewhat out of sympathy with Granville, and his Jacobitism is obviously repugnant to her Whig soul. The result is a book that is dull if generally accurate, though Miss Handasyde does from time to time attempt to enliven her narrative with a sneer at those who had sacrificed all for their rightful King, or with a gibe at that monarch himself. She does not hesitate, for example, to accept Bolingbroke's version of his dismissal by James, and appears ignorant of the fact that there is another interpretation. In short, if Miss Handasyde proves herself a competent enough historian, on the whole, she would do well in future to devote her talents to themes more congenial to her. During the last years of Anne's reign Granville, as Treasurer of the Household, was a personage of importance, but, like his friend Bolingbroke, he failed to see that only the restoration of James could secure the Tories against their rivals. He signed the proclamation of the Elector of Hanover as King, and this proved to be an act of political suicide. Granville was imprisoned during the Fifteen, and for some years after that, in failing health and with an unfaithful wife, he lived in straitened circumstances in Paris. In more respects than one his later career is typical of the tragic fate which overtook the Tories for their vacillation and errors of judgment on that August morning when Anne died.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Eccentrics

THE ENGLISH ECCENTRICS. By EDITH SITWELL. (Faber. 15s.)
RAGGLE-TAGGLE. By WALTER STARKIE. (Murray. 10s. 6d.)

ECCENTRICITY is an essentially British rather than merely English characteristic, for Irishmen such as Dr. Starkie, Welshmen and Scots are at least equally apt with Englishmen to be odd fellows, queer fish and strange birds. Not that eccentricity is

the prerogative of the Saxon or the Celt! There are eccentrics everywhere, but they seem to thrive best in the Saxon countries, especially in the British Isles. Perhaps this is because of the British tendency towards, and respect, even affection, for personal independence. Yet the issue is complicated by British respectability, for one would have thought that this was no *milieu*, no atmosphere for the cultivation of eccentricity: nor is it. But eccentricity, like any other very personal trait, prospers if opposed. The truth is that, unless he be a millionaire or a great aristocrat, every eccentric has at first—and sometimes for long—to combat an opposition occasionally overt, usually covert. Then comes a time when respectability wearies of its social or its æsthetic regimenting and, with the best possible grace (hence perhaps to excess), accepts and welcomes—or pretends, somewhat uneasily, to welcome—the eccentricity that has ignored or successfully resisted the stifling or chilling attempts of society to clip its wings, to bridle its extravagance, and to render it dull and uniform. The eccentric, from being a rebel, a social defaulter, and a nuisance, becomes an object of general interest, an unofficial yet privileged entertainer, and, in his sphere, a whimsical *arbiter elegantiarum*, a guide, or even a sort of minor prophet. If his oddities should pall, if his quaintness should lose its angles, if the vein of his originality should be exhausted, or again, if society's caprice changes, then—and this happens as often as not—he falls like an over-ripe apple and assumes the pathos of a shadow or the personal tragedy of the suddenly or, worse still, the gradually unwanted. It is this pathos which Miss Sitwell handles with consummate literary skill and with only a slight amount of mannerism, a mannerism affecting her style much less than it affects the somewhat too artificial plan of her always entertaining book. Moreover, she carries her learning both lightly and gracefully, and the publishers have presented her most attractively.

Very different is Professor Starkie of Dublin's "Raggle-Taggle," which relates his wanderings in Hungary, Roumania and Transylvania in the summer of 1929. With very little money, often with nothing except his earnings from playing the violin, he mixed with artists and gypsies in towns and with peasants and gypsies in the country: by preference, and mostly, with the gypsies. His walks and talks, his vagabondage and his numerous and varied adventures, his observations on gypsy life, character

and music are told with a freshness, a verve, an originality and a sense of humour that ensure his book a present popularity and an enduring fame.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

A Modern Jason

NAVAL TRAINING. By ADMIRAL SIR H. W. RICHMOND. (Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.)

As Jason set out in search of the golden fleece, so in this small book Admiral Richmond's quest has been a more common-sense naval training. "What constitutes a sailor?" he asks. Many things, but of all things—character. Character demands individuality, that is self-expression. What stands in the way? Our love of uniformity, our craving after the conventional and above all our reliance upon tradition. He says, and with wisdom: "The pegs, we are taught, should be of the same shape as the holes they are to fill," and in war, as we know it, are these holes of uniform and conventional shape? No, they are of any shape; one day one thing, the next day another. They are so full of surprises, that unless "the fatal brand of being 'original'" is removed from our ideal of what a naval officer should be, we shall be even less prepared for the next war than we were for the last.

This is pre-eminently a wise book, its logic is incontrovertible. It attacks the idea that naval officers should be jacks of all trades and masters of none, and asserts that to send schoolboys to sea before they are fit to take their place as officers is simply to interfere with their education.

The course of instruction laid down in the Summary is eminently practical, but will the Admiralty accept it? I doubt it, because those in authority have been bred under the system which this book attacks. Admiral Richmond's difficulty is that he has opened fire not on a system only but on a caste. Yet there is hope, because his views should appeal to all educationists; consequently, if they are accepted by our public schools, fifty years hence they may find themselves an established tradition in Whitehall. The road to Colchis and back is long.

J. F. C. FULLER.

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published shortly: —

HISTORY, POLITICS, ECONOMICS

THE RISE OF CASTLEREAGH. H. M. HYDE. (Macmillan. 21s.)

SHERMAN. B. H. LIDDELL HART. Second edition. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)

ELIZABETH. MILTON WALDMAN. (Longmans. 12s. 6d.)

THE SPANISH REPUBLIC. "ANONYMOUS." (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 3s. 6d.)

ECONOMIC FOUNDATIONS OF FASCISM. PAUL EINZIG. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).

CANALIEN: A STUDY OF THE FRENCH CANADIANS. WILFRID BOVEY. (Dent. 10s. 6d.)

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE. JOHN BUCHAN. (Davies. 5s.)

LORD RIDDELL'S WAR DIARY. (Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 21s.)

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE. PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM. (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.)

PROBLEMS OF THE NATIONS. R. B. MOWAT. (Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.)

THE CHALLENGE OF EUROPE. SHERWOOD EDDY. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

THE GREAT OFFENSIVE. MAURICE HINDUS. (Gollancz. 5s.)

ESSAYS, CRITICISM, MEMOIRS

SOME TURNS OF THOUGHT IN MODERN PHILOSOPHY. GEORGE SANTAYANA. (Cambridge Press. 5s.)

HALF A LIFE. JAMES STRACHEY BARNES. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.)

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